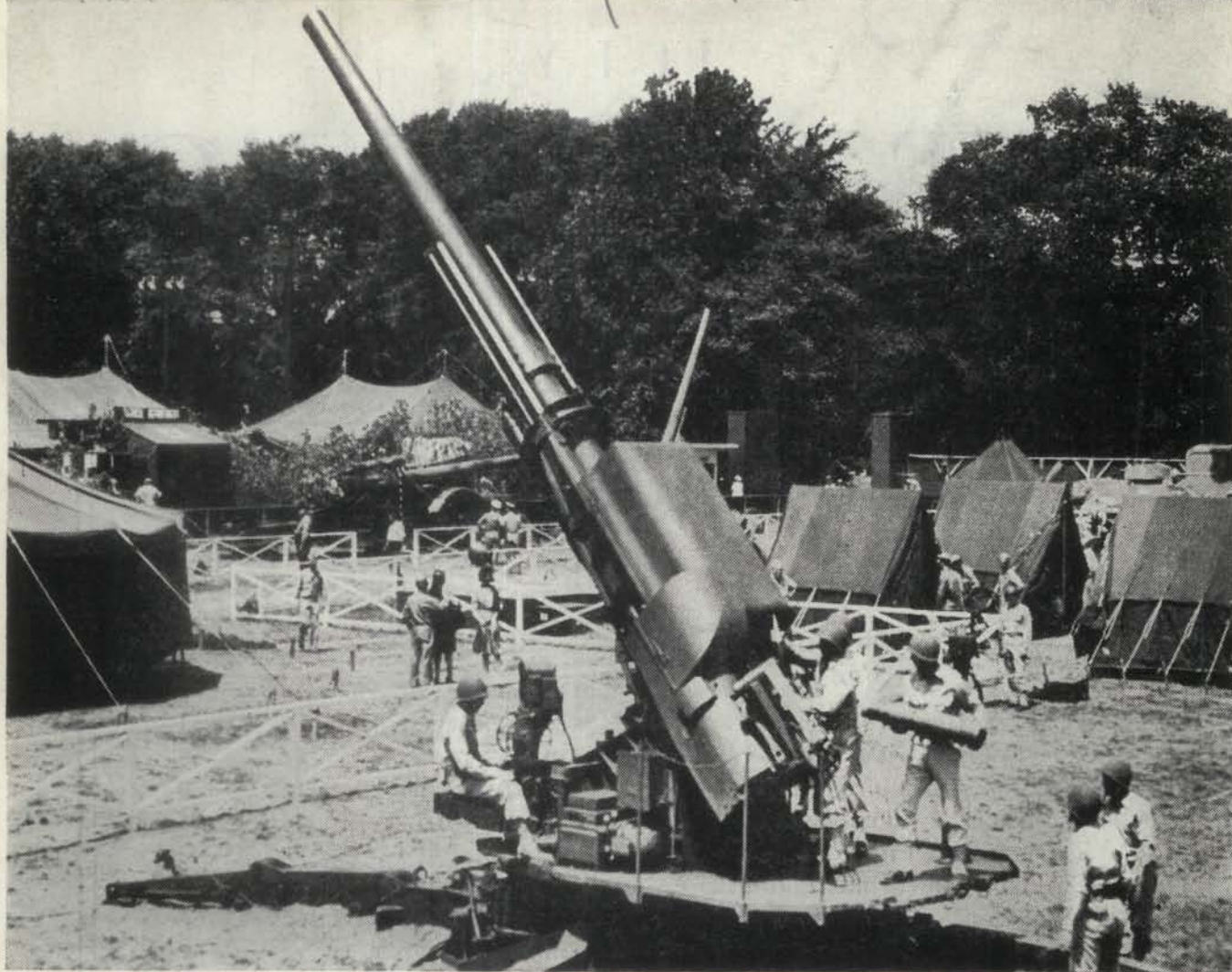




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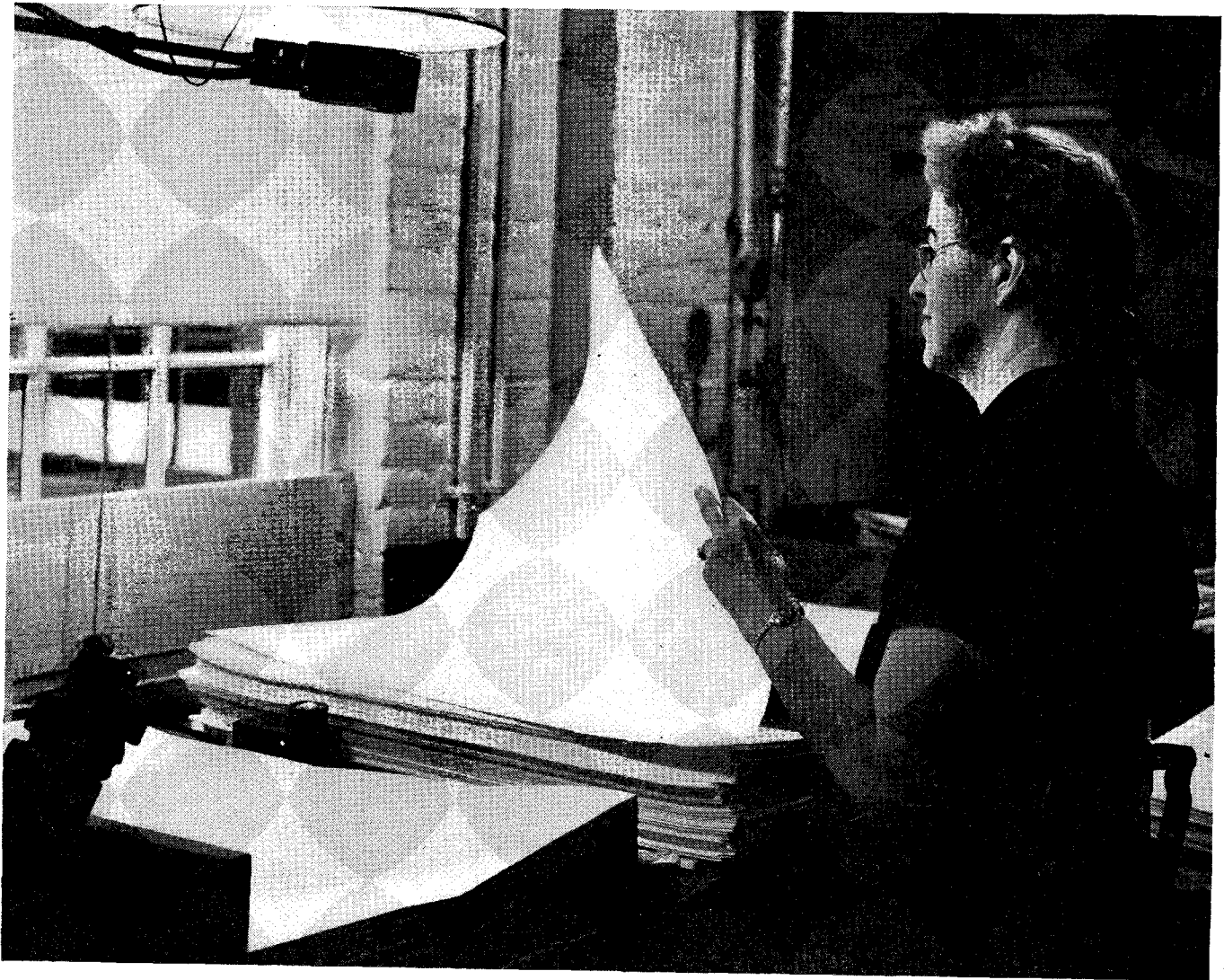
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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

on the World today

Washington

GENERAL MACARTHUR's testimony is held to have quickened coöperation in the United Nations. Britain in particular has been spurred into action — not only to speed more aid to General Van Fleet but also to narrow the gap with the United States on Far Eastern policy.

General MacArthur's sneers about the "token" help furnished by the allies were spoken in an atmosphere already charged with a sort of xenophobia, particularly Anglophobia. The State Department has been engaged in nudging the allies for more forces in Korea. Figures of the contributions are necessarily secret. But up until the MacArthur blast they deserved to be called "token" forces. Little impression was made on the particularly backward: Australia, New Zealand, India, Sweden, South Africa, Brazil, and Mexico. Australia and New Zealand claimed that they had prior commitments in case of aggression in the Middle East.

The answer, of course, is that this country has the same kind of commitment, but in Korea aggression is here-and-now, and collective action has been voted to deal with it. Reinforcements are beginning to swell the total forces at General Van Fleet's disposal for what is hoped to be the climactic show.

The feeling of shared responsibility in Korea has grown with the news of the casualties that the British contingent has suffered. In the April offensive mounted by the Chinese Communists, the 1st Battalion of the Gloucestershire Regiment was thrown into the fight to plug a gap left by the rout of a South Korean division. All but 50 of the 700 men were casualties, and General Van Fleet, in presenting the Distinguished Unit Citation to the regiment and its accompanying 170th Independent

Mortar Battery, paid tribute to the men's heroism. The exploit, coupled with Van Fleet's comment, must have helped to ameliorate the misunderstanding between the two peoples. What the Administration wants is an extension of this feeling of shared responsibility to other member nations. For the hope is that if there is no formal settlement with the aggressors the South Koreans can be built up in strength, along with the 75,000 UN troops, so as to hold a stabilized line and enable American troops to come home to train the new army.

Britain's trade with China

The British seethed over MacArthur's statement on Hong Kong's trade with Communist China. The U.S. shipped 107 million dollars' worth of goods to Hong Kong, as compared with shipments from Britain totaling 70 million dollars. At the hearing the General read from a list of trade figures supposedly furnished by our Consul General in Hong Kong. It turned out that the list was a secret document periodically supplied to General MacArthur as a courtesy by the Hong Kong government.

The General read out the items, but failed to give the quantities which were noted in the adjacent column. For instance, he recited petroleum, but omitted to read out the word "nil," which was put by the side of that item. He listed cameras, but only one camera had been sent to Communist China in the period in question, as was likewise noted. Nor did the General say a word about the articles of commerce which had been banned.

That was a pity, for the facts against the British in relation to trade dealings with Communist China were strong enough. Not till April 9 did the British start to license rubber shipments from Singapore.

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The Atlantic Report on Washington



Before then Communist China had been receiving rubber in amounts much beyond normal requirements. The facts came out, to the disgust of such believers in Anglo-American friendship as Winston Churchill, in House of Commons debates at the height of the MacArthur furor. They certainly helped to put the British on record in the UN Additional Measures Committee, and its vote to recommend an embargo on strategic materials to Communist China was unanimous.

The gap between America and Britain

The gap between America and Britain is still wide enough to deserve attention. When World War II ended, the farseeing among the Britons advocated as the best course for Britain a kind of junior partnership with America. Judging from his conversations, Lord Halifax led that school of thought, his focus being on the sharing both of bases, such as Gibraltar and Cyprus, and of such imperial interests as the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company.

There was at least one American authority who used to insist that the hope of the world resided in such a partnership. That was Dr. John H. Williams, the Harvard economist. He looked at the problem in terms of financial relations. He saw our task as the resuscitation of the pound for the purpose of creating a dollar-pound condominium. As a corollary our reconstruction effort would have tackled the problem of overcoming the underproductivity in Great Britain. This was Dr. Williams's alternative to the setting up of the International Monetary Fund, which is based upon the illusory hope of a return to a truly world economy.

But in America there was a latent suspicion of Britain which the remarkable unity achieved in the war had not removed. On top of that, America wished to move into the world not as a predominant partner of one particular power, but as the partner of all nations. International organization was the form in which America wished to express itself in its post-war role of influence. In Britain the Labor Party took over office, and that party turned out to be insular and doctrinaire. As it happened, there was no possibility of the kind of alignment which either Lord Halifax or Dr. Williams envisaged.

The separateness that has developed is most marked in the Far East. Britain, deferring to actualities, recognized Communist China without regard to American action. The step has turned out to be meaningless. It was inevitable, in view of Britain's lessened stature in terms of power, that the recognition should be a kind of boomerang.

It is against this background that the "greater debate" must be judged. The Administration has more than held its ground against MacArthurism, but the Administration has no capital upon which to draw in reinforcing its arguments. It has no prestige with even its own party in Congress. This is not the fault of the majority leader, Senator Ernest McFarland, though he is by no means a strong man. It is the fault of the President.

The President's battle with Congress

As a result of President Truman's stubbornness, virtually all the lines are down between the Executive and the Legislature. This was made plain when the Kem resolution was passed by both Senate and House. The Kem resolution was a rider attached to an appropriation bill, banning financial and economic aid to all nations which dealt in anything useful to warmaking in their trade with Soviet Russia and her satellites, including Communist China and North Korea.

The effect of the rider will be to nullify France's trade agreements, disrupt the internal trade of Austria — which is still divided zonally with Russia — tie up Western Germany's commerce with Eastern Germany, ruin Hong Kong, and make Japan a charity ward of the United States.

In F.D.R.'s time a maneuver such as this would have been virtually impossible to execute. The majority leader would have been immediately on the telephone to the White House, and a rally would have been prompted by way of a checking operation.

F.D.R. used to be accused of "Dutch obstinacy," but it was a mellow quality compared with the mulishness that President Truman exhibits. That and his cronyism account for the seemingly hopeless disorder into which Congressional-Executive relations have fallen. The need for reorganization of the Cabinet is obvious to everybody but the President, yet he refuses to see it. If the President had revamped his administration last November, got rid of Acheson as well as MacArthur, he would be in a much stronger situation today, and our government and our foreign relations would have been in a much healthier position. The weaker the government is at home, the more it loses influence abroad.

Mood of the Capital

The mood of the Capital is so contentious that the spectacle of Nero must occur to the bystander. General MacArthur is not paying off as a Republican weapon. The case for the dismissal looks

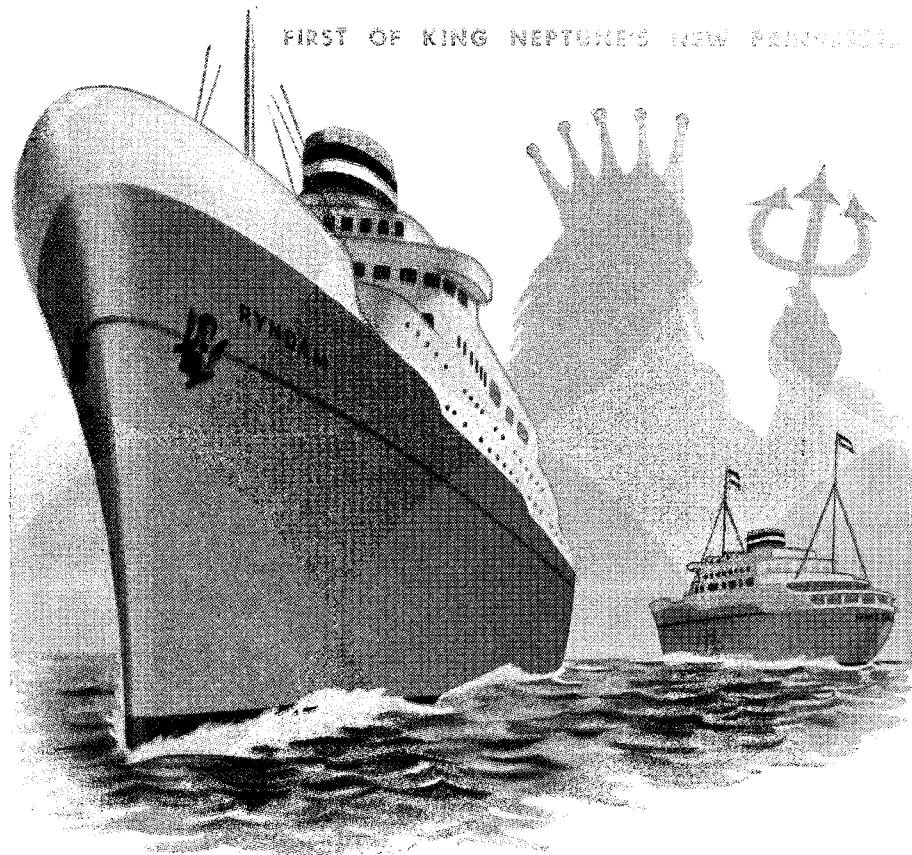
different now that the documents are in and the facts have been put upon the record. It appears that the Truman patience was tried unconscionably. Not that the firing, even after the light has been shed upon it, was ideal performance. MacArthur should have been recalled for consultation, and in that event he could have appeared before the United Nations.

What also comes through the record is a picture of a MacArthur who wanted to get out of Korea and fight on a bigger front as the result of pique over his reversal in North Korea. There was nothing like the injured morale among his troops that he asserted in his communications to the Joint Chiefs. General Collins found this out in his reconnaissance of January 17. The morale then was good, it is now high.

The political clamor has not impeded either the activity of Mr. Wilson and his coadjutors or the war output of American industry. The question on industrial mobilization is whether the speed is not too fast in relation to the availability of war materials. Steel, for instance, absorbs many things that come from foreign sources, but the competition for them has skyrocketed their price and produced a very dangerous inflation in all the rearming nations of the free world.

The way out is perhaps not to slow down rearmament in America, but to reduce civilian production of durable goods absorbing the needed materials. At any rate, that is what our friends abroad are pleading for. It is pointed out, for example, that civilian America this year absorbs twice as much molybdenum, currently a key item, as it did last year.

Some of the difficulty is due to Mr. Wilson's optimism that butter as well as guns will be available. This may not be exactly true. At least for the time being the military requirements must create a derangement if we are not to hog the world's raw material output. Mr. Wilson says that the defense effort calls for only 15 per cent of total production, but this is an average, and does not take account of the fact that in some lines the military set-asides may be up to 60 per cent. It is difficult sometimes to get the industrialist to see the point in the light of the Wilson comment.



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Czechoslovakia

THE Communist rulers in Prague have become painfully aware of the fact that the number of “radishes” — people who, like radishes, are red outside and white inside — is rapidly growing throughout the country. This is the explanation for the widespread purge in the Party, the increasing brutality in stamping out any visible opposition, and the furious outbursts of the Communist leaders against the workers and alleged traitors in their own ranks.

The miners particularly seem to cause the government a great deal of trouble. Stefan Bastovansky, the powerful Slovak Party Secretary, admitted that in one area the miners have “temporarily passed under the influence of reactionary elements.” This is about the most devastating admission a Communist regime can ever make. During the first three months of 1951 the output of coal — Czechoslovakia’s most important raw material — has dropped nearly 10 pounds per man-hour.

The miners are not the only “shirkers.” The farmers, too, have been taken to task for non-coöperation. Spring sowing ran far behind expectations and, according to Slovak Deputy Premier Viliam Siroky, the peasants are reluctant to bring their cattle to the communal cowsheds set up by the collectivization program. Less than half the expected number of cattle has been registered.

Despite pressure, threats, and punishment, only 30 per cent of the peasants have signed up. The scheme is somewhat different from collectivization in Russia. On paper at least, the farmer remains owner of his land, livestock, and tools. He simply pools them with the rest of the village for operational purposes. But no matter how much he contributes, profits are divided into equal shares among the participants of the “coöperative.” There is little enthusiasm for such a deal. This is the real explanation for the present food shortage.

Moscow runs the railroads

During the budget debate in Czechoslovakia’s Parliament, complaints against the transport workers were voiced repeatedly. Above all, the railroads were sharply criticized for delays, breakdowns, and

increasing numbers of accidents which interfered with the fulfillment of the Czech-Soviet Trade Pact. Josef Frank, Deputy Secretary-General of the Communist Party, said in a speech before an all-state conference of railroad workers and officials, “It is certain that a considerable part of the disturbances and breakdowns is the work of malefactors and enemies.” On March 20, Soviet experts arrived to take up key positions in the railroad administration. In other words, Moscow is now in control of the Czech railroad system and is trying to keep the workers in line after the local Communist bosses have failed.

The difficulties are not confined to one or another branch of industry or agriculture. They are nationwide. Premier Antonin Zapotocky told a meeting of Cabinet ministers and labor union leaders that the nationalized industries are not functioning properly. They don’t make use of the available capacity, their administrative overhead is too big, and there is a widening gap between wages and productivity.

Mr. Siroky was even more specific than the Premier. He disclosed that production costs had increased rather than decreased. In 1950 wages in the light industries rose almost three times as fast as production. In industry in general, wages have gone up 39 per cent, production only 22 per cent. The Premier blamed the managers of the state-owned plants because they have failed to see to it that workers produce more. From now on, he warned, whoever fails in his duties or whoever condones such failure will go to a forced labor camp.

Fully as important as this open threat and admission of helpless fury was the Premier’s new program for increased productivity and lower cost. He revealed the creation of a new State Wage Commission under his chairmanship, to be composed of the Ministers for Heavy Industry, Construction, and Planning as well as three labor union leaders. This commission will draw up a budget for each factory, fixing wages according to the plant’s output over a certain period. If production fails to reach the norm of the Five-Year Plan, wages will be proportionately reduced.

In order to realize the scope of this task and the seriousness of the situation, one has to recall how sweeping has been the government's nationalization program. Only about 4 per cent of industry is still in private hands. The few surviving independent enterprises are mostly home industries where people working in their homes produce inexpensive goods—for example, costume jewelry—for a small company.

Foreign trade is fully nationalized, wholesale trade to 85 per cent, retail trade about 50 per cent. This huge unwieldy complex of state-run enterprises would be difficult to organize even with well-trained executives and a willing labor force. The Czech Communist regime lacks both. Management is hampered by Party interference and political appointees who have little business experience. The workers are dissatisfied, tired, and resentful.

All work and no play

They are being pressed to work longer and harder, with comparatively small returns for their labor. They are also made to attend political reorientation classes and Party gatherings, and are expected to volunteer for all kinds of propaganda activities. The result is that "volunteer" brigades are doing their "volunteer" shifts during paid working hours, and political conferences are being held during working hours, too. Thus production suffers and the state pays the bill for what is supposed to be voluntary work for the Party.

Poor living conditions are one reason for the drop in public morale. The percentage-wise wage increases may look good on paper. But prices are so high and goods so scarce that people have little incentive to work harder and to earn more.

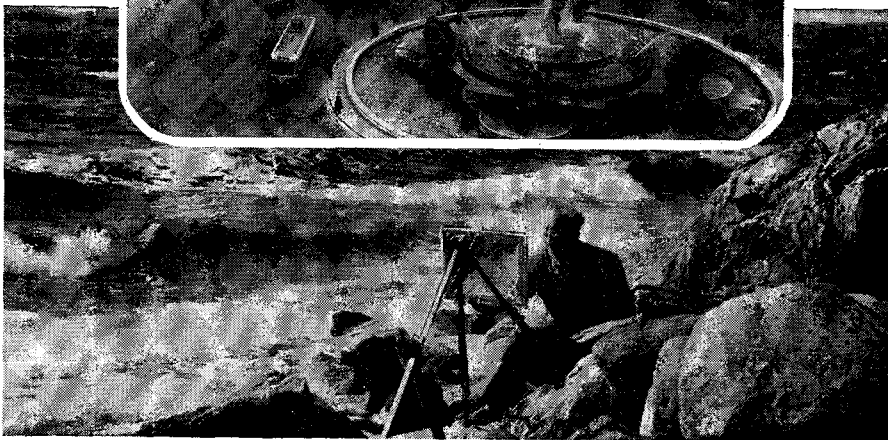
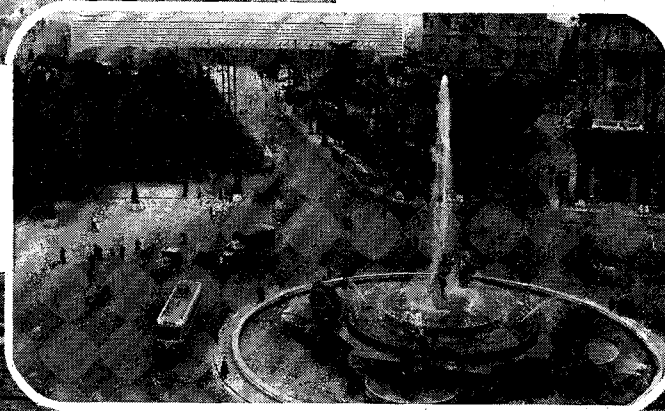
Regardless of one's ability to pay the price, cameras, radios, bicycles, and other "luxuries" are virtually unobtainable except for a small number of privileged Party officials or shock workers. Even food, formerly so abundant in Czechoslovakia, is very scarce. The price of a pound of rationed meat is about as much as the average worker receives for an hour's labor. But once he exhausts his small rationing allowance and resorts to the free market, a pound of meat costs him a whole day's pay.

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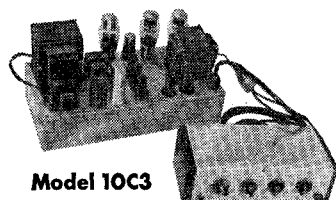
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Last spring, bread and flour were added to the list of rationed food-stuffs. This was a very hard blow because Czech diet, traditionally very heavy, relies on bread, dumplings, and other flour products. Now a worker is allowed about four ounces of bread and the same amount of flour. People who do not come under the classification of "worker" receive a third less.

Few people believe the government's explanation that rationing has been brought on by overconsumption during the first three months of 1951. Premier Zapotocky said the existing shortages were merely natural growing pains of a new economy. President Klement Gottwald hastened to explain that the difficulties could in no way be blamed on Russia. The Soviet Union, he declared, had "offered" plenty of grain but the government had not ordered enough.

This willingness of the regime to assume responsibility for the failure rather than to risk resentment against Russia is quite revealing. It seems to answer a widespread complaint that Russia compelled Czechoslovakia to cancel her application for Marshall Plan aid from the United States in 1947 and promised her own Molotov Plan. The Molotov Plan never materialized. On the contrary, goods have been flowing in the opposite direction.

Moscow milks the Czech cow

How the Czechs feel about the situation is apparent from a story which is being whispered about the country. One example of Russia's important aid, so the anecdote goes, has been the miracle fodder invented by Soviet scientists. It was brought to Czechoslovakia and tried on chickens first. They produced eggs at the age of three months. Pigs grew to the size of horses after six months. Now the regime has made that miracle fodder available for cows, too, and they have become so big they can be fed in Prague and milked in Moscow.

The grim facts behind this story are that Russia takes 75 per cent of Czech exports compared with 8 per cent before World War II. About 6 per cent of the country's heavy industry output is earmarked for the Soviet Union. This includes machines, rails, locomotives, and rolling

stock. On the other hand Czechoslovakia, like Russia's other satellites, has been cut off from the non-Communist world, especially from Great Britain and the United States.

On April 10 the government ordered that all foreign trade agents must deal exclusively with the Ministry of Foreign Trade. There is to be no more personal contact between factory managers and foreigners. Even without such restrictive measures few businessmen would find it useful to go to a country where production figures, quality of material, price trends, are anxiously guarded secrets. "Statistics," warned a Party magazine lately, "are not mathematical science but a social science and a weapon in the class war. . . . So long as capitalism exists in other countries we must be careful what statistics we publish."

The purge of the generals

It is no secret that the Czech Army is full of enemies of the regime. Recently the entire Czech Military Mission in Austria was "purged." Deputy Defense Minister General Beidrich Reicin has been arrested as a traitor. He is said to have been a spy and the accomplice of such "rebels" as Otto Sling and ex-Foreign Minister Vladimir Clementis, both formerly ranking members of the Communist hierarchy.

General Reicin is a dyed-in-the-wool Communist. He spent the war in Moscow, as a corporal, received a commission after the war, and became a general and Deputy Defense Minister following the Communist seizure of power in February, 1948.

Purged at the same time as Reicin was Josef Pavelic, the Deputy Minister of the Interior and Chief of the Security Police. He was the organizer of the notorious militia which engineered the 1948 uprising and brought the Communists to power. Also arrested were the Commanding Generals of Moravia and Northern Slovakia, General Staff members having the rank of general, and other prominent officers of the armed forces.

Parallel with this defection in the army runs the schism in the Party ranks. In 1950 alone 170,000 of the 1.5 million members of the Party were expelled as "radishes." Among them were members of the Central

Committee of the Communist Party, influential regional Party Secretaries, Prime Ministers and Ministers of Provincial governments.

The case of Vladimir Clementis, the former Foreign Minister and friend of President Gottwald, has received much attention abroad because he was the best-known to foreigners. But in Czechoslovakia the purge of some of the other "rebels," "traitors," and "spies" who objected to complete domination by Russia caused no less excitement.

Clementis is a convinced pre-war Communist. He intrigued against his predecessor, Jan Masaryk, and is considered partly responsible for Masaryk's mysterious "suicide." Clementis then took over the Foreign Ministry and followed a clear anti-Western line. In May, 1950, he was accused of deviationism before the Party convention. But he was not yet considered dangerous.

Six months later, however, as the schism in the Party grew, Clementis became a "renegade," a "poisonous viper," an "unbelievably despicable criminal," and an "espionage agent of the French since 1939." He is now being charged with plotting against the life of President Gottwald and trying to overthrow the government.

All this sounds very much like fictitious accusations meant to cover up Clementis's real "guilt." He was in London when Stalin signed his nonaggression pact with Hitler in 1939, and Clementis was opposed to the cynical deal with the Nazis who at that time occupied and oppressed Czechoslovakia. Thus, says the official announcement, Clementis made it clear twelve years ago that he had lost confidence "in the Soviet Union and Comrade Stalin, a crime which is unpardonable for a Communist." Obviously, he still is a Communist, but he, too, refuses to deliver Czechoslovakia into the hands of anybody, Hitler or Stalin.

The same is true of many other so-called traitors — for example, Major Nechansky, a very outspoken left-wing Socialist, who was parachuted into Czechoslovakia in 1943 as a liaison man between the London and the Moscow factions. He led the famous uprising against the Nazis

in May, 1945. A few months ago Nechansky was executed as a traitor. A survey which was made before the Communist censors stopped publication of verdicts of the people's tribunals showed that 10 per cent of the defendants were condemned to death, 20 per cent to life terms in jail. There are about 200,000 people in concentration camps today.

Production speed-up

To suppress opposition against Moscow is a question of life and death for the totalitarian dictatorship. Russia has just ordered a tremendous speed-up of production. Dr. Dolansky, Minister for State Planning, told the Central Committee of the Party that the Five-Year Plan must be completed in three and a half years; industrial output must be doubled by 1953. The emphasis is on higher productivity, heavy machines, more raw material, and industrialization of Eastern Slovakia, the area nearest to the Soviet Union.

Agricultural production will have to be boosted too. The original plan called for a 27 per cent increase of production above the 1948 level; un-

der the new directive, the improvement will have to be 65 per cent.

It remains to be seen whether the regime can force such a speed-up on the people. The Czechs are noted for their stubbornness and a deep, age-old yearning for independence. They combine keen awareness of their national traditions with a desire for international coöperation unknown in any of the other Soviet satellite countries.

The Czechs have always been a part of the Western, not of the Eastern, world and are proud of the old democratic tradition which Thomas G. Masaryk made the foundation of the new republic in 1918. In their desperate attempt at breaking ties with the West, the Communists lately began to vilify the memory of Thomas Masaryk, while praising Stalin. This may well turn out to be one of their greatest blunders and stir up about as much resentment against Russia as the dictatorial rule itself, the open warfare against religion, food shortages, exploitation of the workers, and the Kremlin's milking of the Czechoslovak cow.

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Latin America

THE ostensibly coöperative and harmonious meeting of the Foreign Ministers of the American Republics in Washington, just after Easter, accomplished little. Few tangible operations are now under way either to promote the defense of the Western Hemisphere or to contribute the Hemisphere's full quota of force and supplies for the defense of the free world in other regions.

In a word, no genuine schedule has been set for the development of Latin America's potentialities. Instead, the Foreign Ministers' meeting ended with a series of vague and fragmentary recommendations for military and economic programs, which are now being slowly sifted over by the growing bureaucracy of inter-American collaborating agencies. The general idea seems to be to mull them over at comfortable diplomatic leisure.

In result, a good many doubtfully compatible ideas and proposals were yoked together in language which sought to gloss over basic national conflicts with glowing statements of general principles. But the hidden discords were there.

Passing the buck

The Foreign Ministers turned over the implementing and interpretation of most of their crucial resolutions to permanent inter-American bodies in Washington, such as the Inter-American Economic and Social Council. To this extent, the gathering turned out to be an extremely high-level operation in buck passing.

For example, the Inter-American Defense Board — a group of largely high-brass military technicians, representing the twenty-one republics and functioning from Washington — has been given the job of making plans for the collective defense of the Hemisphere. Yet the Board must undertake this assignment against the highly qualifying reservations of the Conference's resolution that American governments may be called on to aid in the common defense against aggression only "in accordance with their capabilities and with their constitutional norms" and "without prejudice to their individual self-defense and their internal security." In other words, the Defense Board can count on only as

much actual "military coöperation" from any individual Latin American nation as its government, under the vicissitudes of domestic political issues, is disposed to provide.

Seven out of sixteen resolutions dealing with economic problems were referred to the Inter-American Economic and Social Council. The Council, for instance, is instructed to convoke a committee of technical experts to make recommendations to the American governments on price controls and the maintenance of the purchasing power of currencies. It is requested to organize expert study groups to report on problems of the supply and allocation of scarce raw materials, mainly strategic. It is also charged with making recommendations for desirable changes in freight and insurance rates on essential materials in inter-American trade; with projecting a plan for increasing Latin America's natural rubber production and manufacture; with filing reports on changes in labor standards in individual republics; and with proposing measures for bringing the Hemisphere economy back to normal when the emergency is over.

Along with the Inter-American Cultural Council — also a Washington-centered body — the Economic and Social Council is saddled with the broadly inclusive job of preparing "as soon as possible plans and programs of action for promoting effective coöperation among the American Republics in order to raise the economic, social, and cultural levels of their peoples."

The Economic and Social Council would appear, indeed, to be loaded with enough working obligations to last through several international emergencies. Its members, consequently, have tended to approach most of their allotted tasks at a snail's pace. This tendency to leisurely action has been encouraged, no doubt, by the fact that the Council is composed chiefly of amiable second-string diplomats from Washington's Latin American embassies rather than of professional economists.

Controlling the Fifth Column

The visiting Foreign Ministers handled the extremely pressing problem of internal security against

Communist espionage and subversive operations with, if possible, an even more remote touch. Their resolution on this subject instructed the Pan American Union to assign its proper department—the Union's International Law and Organization Department was tentatively suggested—to make expert recommendations on antishubversive legislation within the republics. Although the resolution suggested, laudably enough, that such legislation should interfere as little as possible with democratic civil liberties, it underwrote no practical steps.

During World War II, the American governments maintained a joint Committee on Political Defense in Montevideo which did a highly efficient job of riding herd on the subversive operations of Nazis and Fascists. The 1951 Conference, however, made no suggestions for reviving the Committee's machinery for use against the Communists.

As a result, it may be some time within the next two or three months that a project for reviving it could reasonably be expected to filter up to the governments of the republics through the bureaucratic chain of command in the Pan American Union. The mere fact that a functioning political defense organization might have been re-established by decision of the Conference virtually before the end of April apparently did not appeal to the Foreign Ministers.

Finally, the Conference left such important problems as the allocation of strategic materials, the increase of production, the expansion of economic development programs, and the strengthening of democratic rights and institutions in the republics largely to the individual governments.

Steps in the right direction

On the constructive side, the Foreign Ministers' Conference did help to harmonize, as well as clarify, the thinking of the leaders of the republics on a number of controversial questions. The Latin Americans, for instance, won a useful battle for a resolution declaring that "the economic development of underdeveloped countries should be considered as an essential factor in the total concept of Hemisphere defense."

Foundations were laid for sound working arrangements on the delicate

problem of allocations and priorities. It was agreed that consultation between individual governments should be held prior to applications of new schedules. But the Conference resolution on the subject also agreed that when special developments in the emergency required establishment of allocations and priorities before consultations could be arranged, the government making the changes would be obligated to consider later adjustments of the new schedules on complaint of a government adversely affected. The Conference again gave its blessing—and requested those of individual republics—to all forms of administrative, treaty, and commercial measures designed to bring about increased output and faster processing of strategic materials.

It conferred its approval on higher wages and better living, health, and educational standards for workers in all the republics—though not directly upon labor unions as agencies for obtaining these benefits. With a somewhat more gingerly touch, the Foreign Ministers even recognized that the United Nations might have some need of their military assistance outside the Hemisphere. "The present world situation," declared the resolution on this point, "requires positive support by the American republics for . . . coöperation, within the United Nations Organization, to prevent and suppress aggression in other parts of the world."

But the Inter-American Defense Board was given no commission to plan for these remote global operations. The resolution was further watered down by the qualification that armed forces should be made available for UN service only "to the full extent that, in [each individual republic's] judgment, its capabilities permit." It was perfectly obvious at the Conference's end, in fact, that no additional Latin American powers had been sold on offering troops for service in Korea.

Nevertheless, some gains definitely were being made on the military side in the wake of the Conference. The Inter-American Defense Board by late May had assembled the strongest technical staff in its history, which was spending from five to six days a week in concrete planning on Hemisphere defense. As General Gustavo Rojas Pinilla, former chief of staff of the Colombian Army, joined the plan-



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The Problem of Freedom, by Kenneth Thompson, Jr., Evanston Township High School, Evanston, Illinois; *S. Mildred Wright, Instructor*

Albert Schweitzer — How His Life Reflects His Theory of "Reverence for Life," by Deborah Shaw, The Winsor School, Boston, Massachusetts; *Katharine P. English, Instructor*

Behind the Ranges, by Virginia Ridley, Laurel School, Shaker Heights, Ohio; *Ethel Andrews, Instructor*

Stephen Vincent Benét and the American People, by Lee Heather Cairns, The Beard School, Orange, New Jersey; *Mary D. Musser, Instructor*

Story Contest

PRIZE—\$100.00

Falling Star, by Lawrence Mark, Jr., Scarsdale High School, Scarsdale, New York; *Frances D. Bartlett, Instructor*

HONORABLE MENTION

Perfect Solution, by Mary Lou Foster, Will Rogers High School, Tulsa, Oklahoma; *Katherine Moran, Instructor*

The Bug, by Elsa First, Friends' Select School, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; *Wilma Stern Lewis, Instructor*

Poetry Contest

PRIZE—\$100.00

Hamlet, by Winifred Hare, Chatham Hall School, Chatham, Virginia; *Hallett Morse Gindorff, Instructor*

HONORABLE MENTION

Red Shoes, by Harriet E. Sears, Walnut Hill School, Natick, Massachusetts; *Helen Hill Currier, Instructor*

Ode on the Unforgivable, by Sam Pendergrast, Abilene High School, Abilene, Texas; *Selma L. Bishop, Instructor*

Commentary on Virgil, by Anne Cotton, Northfield School for Girls, East Northfield, Massachusetts; *Eva Freeman, Instructor*

Sonnet, by Robert A. Greenberger, Sharon High School, Sharon, Pennsylvania; *Elizabeth McMullen, Instructor*

SCHOLARSHIP AWARD

The University of Pittsburgh,
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announces the award of a Four-Year Scholarship (free tuition) to Winifred Hare, Chatham Hall School, Chatham, Virginia (*Hallett Morse Gindorff, Instructor*), for her poem, *Hamlet*.

ning group as its vice-director, a fully trained Colombian battalion was being readied to embark for Korea.

Meanwhile, in spite of the delays and frustrations which the Economic and Social Council was experiencing in dealing with the problems passed on to it by the Conference, something was being learned by the Councilors about how to conduct continuous international business together. It was, perhaps, a kind of "spring football practice" method of teaching this rather elementary branch of international government. But if the emergency would only refrain long enough from blowing up into World War III, the diplomats and economic statesmen of the American countries might yet learn how to sit as a board of directors on the Hemisphere's delicate problems of supply and preparedness.

Same old Perón

For five years, a succession of United States Ambassadors to Argentina — George Messersmith, James Bruce, and Stanton A. Griffis — have praised, with varying degrees of enthusiasm, the totalitarian regime of Dictator-President Juan Domingo Perón. As self-described "practical men" they have advocated that Washington policy pay court to it for its influence in Latin American power politics if not for its charm. In something of a climax to these persuasions, a U.S. loan of 125 million dollars was arranged last year for Perón as an act of propitiatory friendship and to enable his government to pay off its commercial debts to the United States.

The Perónist response to these courtesies this year was to extinguish and expropriate *La Prensa* of Buenos Aires, one of the world's outstanding liberal newspapers, and to begin circulating the propaganda, carried in the speeches of Perón himself, that United States capitalism is as much the enemy of the Argentine people as Communism itself.

Under these circumstances, the Argentine government's acceptance of all the resolutions of the Foreign Ministers' Conference without protest or serious reservation could scarcely be called a diplomatic victory for Washington. Fairly obviously, the Argentinians did not consider their obligations to carry out the Conference decisions as serious enough to be

worth arguing about. Or, as the Rio de Janeiro newspaper, *Correio da Manhã*, put it, "Perón's solidarity is at best an equivocation."

No expropriation in Bolivia

Since the early days of World War II the United States has fallen far short of fulfilling its promises to help in improving the living and working conditions of Bolivian tin miners. In partial result, at the Bolivian national elections on May 6, the anti-gringo vote strongly coalesced.

Victor Paz Estenssoro, a wartime pro-Nazi and former minister of a government which came into power in 1943 frankly to oppose United States influence in the republic, received practically the solid support of the miners. His platform, a combination of Nazi and Communist appeals, virtually pledged nationalization of the tin mines; and in the May 6 contest, Paz Estenssoro won a heavy plurality over three other candidates, of 41 per cent of all the votes cast. This lead was enough practically to ensure his election by the Bolivian Congress, which makes the decision among candidates when there is no clear majority winner.

Bolivia thus stood on the verge of expropriation of its tin industry and of a government friendly to, if not fully meshed with, the Latin American Communist front.

Rescue was accomplished by an orthodox Andean military coup. On May 16 General Ovidio Quiroga, chief of the armed forces, ousted civilian President Mamerto Urriolagoitia, installed General Hugo Ballivián in the presidential palace, dismissed Congress, and outlawed the results of the May 6 election. General Quiroga has been an honor guest of the United States armed forces recently, and President Ballivián has been a delegate to the Inter-American Defense Board in Washington.

So there will be no expropriation of the tin interests at present. But there were some indications that there might be civil war on the labor front in Bolivia before the Paz Estenssoro exclusion issue is settled with the miners. Meanwhile the tin which the free world needs for its strategic stockpiles will be produced by men who resent the armed coercion at their back.

ATLANTIC

Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

"The Miracle"

SIR:

Bosley Crowther in his article "The Strange Case of *The Miracle*" (April *Atlantic*) wrote of a "calculated show-down test of strength" between the Catholic Legion of Decency and the distributors of *The Miracle*.

The Legion is interested only in protecting Catholics, and others who wish to be assured of clean entertainment, from being misled by motion picture producers who cloak sordid stories with lofty titles. *The Miracle* is such a story. It uses the name of a revered Catholic saint in an immoral, indecent story which should have been rejected immediately by distributors and movie houses alike.

The *Atlantic* poses the question: "To what extent shall books, plays, and films be restricted in this country by what one or another religious group believes to be sacrilegious?"

I believe that question can best be answered by another one: "How far will producers and authors go in insulting one religious group?"

As a Catholic I am proud of the fine job the Legion has done to discourage movie producers from parading across the American screen immoral, filthy stories from the shadows of life. The Legion's strength is truth and it fights for morality and clean entertainment. I know that I can safely take my family to see a picture with the Legion's stamp of approval.

VINCENT J. ARGONDEZZI
Norristown, Pa.

SIR:

"The Strange Case of *The Miracle*" is one which needs to be held up and examined in the clear light of Amer-

ican public opinion. I admire your courage in publishing Bosley Crowther's article, which may well be offensive to the local Roman Catholic hierarchy.

My concern has been increasing over the rising "tyranny of the minority." As an American citizen, accustomed to the making of free decisions, responsible only to the truth as God allows me to comprehend it, I resent the encroachment upon my right to judge *The Miracle* for myself.

There are some things, among them the dogma of the Assumption of the Virgin Mary, which are blasphemous to my belief. But I feel obligated to support the right of Roman Catholics to believe that dogma and to present it in the mass-media. I demand the same freedom for myself and others.

What is ultimately at stake is the continuance of the American way of life, the ability of diverse religious and cultural groups to get along together within our borders.

REV. HERBERT F. LOWE
Asbury Methodist Church
Mount Vernon, N.Y.

SIR:

Bosley Crowther's article is very definitely biased, offensive, insulting, and inconclusive. If the Catholic position is not given full play in a future issue of the *Atlantic*, I shall cancel my subscription. I do not believe that in saying this I fall into the category of what Mr. Crowther insultingly terms "the scrupulously religious" people. Rather, I consider myself a Catholic who holds his religion dear.

In view of the persecution of the Church in Communist-controlled countries, it is greatly disconcerting to see

the Church attacked, in an article worthy only of the *Daily Worker* or the *Nation*, in an influential publication such as the *Atlantic* without permitting a Catholic to express the Church's position.

MICHAEL W. BARTOS
Chicago, Ill.

SIR:

You are to be commended for your forthright article "The Strange Case of *The Miracle*." It took great courage to print this, since you thereby exposed yourself to much the same vicious treatment that plagued *The Miracle*. Personally I don't care a bit about seeing the picture. Though there is no reason why little men should be able to ban it simply because they don't like it. It is good to know there are still a few journals that will print such factual, though controversial, articles when they need printing — no matter what happens.

JAMES L. WEYGAND
Nappanee, Ind.

SIR:

Regarding "The Strange Case of *The Miracle*" I find myself confronted with mixed emotions. Is Mr. Crowther attempting to bring the motion picture censorship to a head by arousing strong feeling against the power of the Catholic Church to protect its youth and all youth from the wiles of money-minded men who flaunt immorality and twist the beautiful God-given rights of sex into something sordid and sensational?

Yes, the Catholic Church is a power; it is demonstrating its great power each day. It must do so. Today the Church stands as the only unified

body strong enough to combat the pseudo-philosophies of the modern world. Whether it be the film industry or the election of public officials, the Church has not only the right but the duty to protect her children, to guide them not only in their spiritual life but also in their practical life.

If there is "confusion in the public mind about film censorship" let that confusion be resolved. Let's have stronger laws governing censorship.

JOAN B. WHITING
Albany, N.Y.

SIR:

Bosley Crowther's restraint on the subject of censorship of *The Miracle* made an impression on me. The everyday little man who gets his entertainment by a weekly or biweekly movie is increasingly alarmed at the bitter battle that common sense seems to be losing. Now it appears that our cinema fare is to get flatter and sillier than ever because an organization that is trying to dictate our religion is afraid for our morals.

B. ARMSTRONG
Campbell River
British Columbia, Canada

SIR:

For factual, calm reporting, Bosley Crowther's article is a credit to your magazine.

ROBERT SHERRILL
Manhattan Beach, Calif.

SIR:

May I, as a Catholic, take exception to the article entitled "The Strange Case of *The Miracle*."

The author speaks of censorship by the Catholic Church and proceeds to attack the Legion of Decency, using *The Miracle* as a springboard.

Catholics in New York City recognize Cardinal Spellman as their titular head. When he spoke condemning the film, he did so as a representative of Christ's Church speaking to the souls entrusted to his care. This he had a constitutional and moral right to do. Yet the logic of the author of this article would deny him this right.

JOSEPH P. CLIFFORD
New York City

Most *Atlantic* readers know full well that it is not our policy to persecute any religious body. We criticize only when we feel that a fundamental American principle is at stake, and we defend just as strenuously as we criticize.

We believe it perfectly proper for the Church to proscribe certain books and films which it believes Roman Catholics should not see. We understand that such an Index of books is annually published. But we have never heard any Roman Catholic argue that the list should be enforced the country over. This was the freedom which Mr. Crowther was upholding in his article about *The Miracle*, a freedom based upon the separation of Church and State. The freedom has been clearly defined in our Constitution and it will be upheld. Mr. Crowther is not an irresponsible writer, nor were those other critics who voted *The Miracle* the best of the foreign films of 1950. The film was doubtless highly offensive to those of the Catholic faith, but we question if that is sufficient cause to lock it up from those not of that faith who wish to see it. — THE EDITOR

Communists and the Law

SIR:

Judge Charles E. Wyzanski's article in your May issue, "The Communist Party and the Law," should be read and considered carefully by all thinking Americans who recognize the serious menace that activities of the domestic Communist Party present but who also cherish our civil liberties.

It is with a great deal of deference that I find myself unable to accept his proposed program. No one who works in the area of the great public legal issues of the day can help having the greatest respect for Judge Wyzanski. His peers upon the Federal District Bench can be counted on the fingers of one hand. Yet I must in conscience differ with him on this issue which strikes the roots of our system of government.

Briefly, Judge Wyzanski does not get rid of the dreaded doctrine of guilt by association which is the enemy of all freedoms. He would subject to prosecution as conspirators all members of the Communist Party once the government had announced that the Communist Party is committed to the use of illegal means.

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Just as logically the government could prosecute all stockholders for personal violations of the criminal law once a corporation had been convicted of violation of the antitrust laws and this is announced to the world. The second violation creates a dragnet in which all members are caught regardless of their personal participation. Just as well hold all stockholders and employees of the McKesson-Robbins drug firm if the leadership again gets into the hands of other brigands like the Musica brothers. Their own personal participation in criminal acts would be irrelevant.

What Judge Wyzanski advocates, in brief, is a sort of "corruption of blood" of the organization as such. I cannot believe it is in accord with the American concept of political freedom. I have been struggling with my beliefs and my conscience just as has Judge Wyzanski. I have as yet found no way better than that of Holmes and Brandeis. It is a way of faith and courage, but it is the way of freedom.

JERRE S. WILLIAMS
Professor of Law
University of Texas
Austin, Tex.

The Institute of Pacific Relations

SIR:

May we suggest a small correction in the otherwise excellent reference to the Institute of Pacific Relations on page 12 of your Washington Report in the May issue. You describe the I.P.R. as "an organization that in time past has done excellent service in Pacific research." This suggests, perhaps inadvertently, that the Institute is no longer rendering this service, whereas it is in fact very active and continues to produce a large output of scholarly and timely books and articles on contemporary Asian problems — more in fact than any other private Far Eastern research organization in the world. We believe the Institute is maintaining its traditional objective standards of research and its nonpartisan, balanced treatment of current controversial issues, while refraining, as an organization, from advocating policies or doctrines — as a glance at its publications and its large list of current research projects will confirm.

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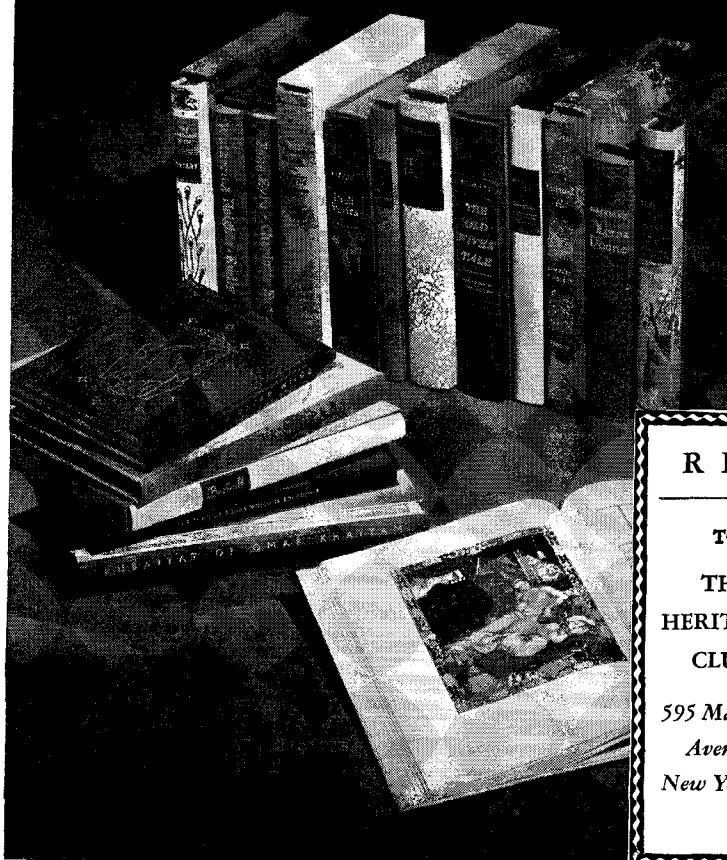
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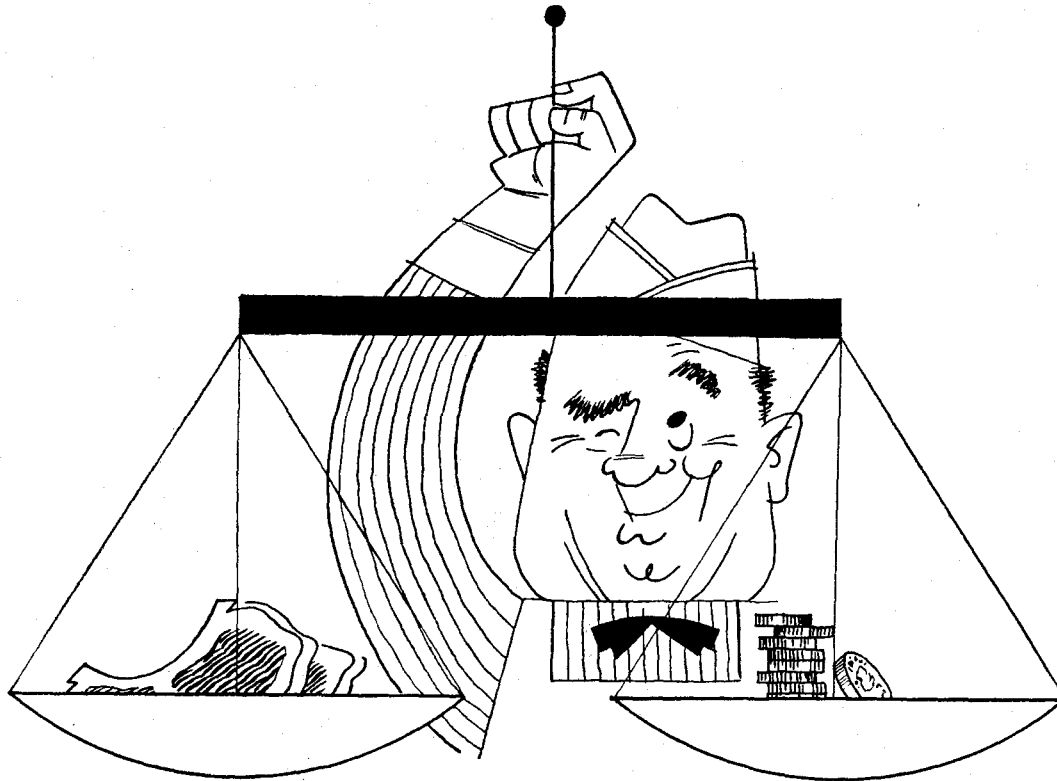
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CITY AND STATE

A-18



Stabilized Meat Prices

What's the best way to get them?

In the period of general inflation we have been going through, meat prices advanced along with the rest, partly because that is the nature of inflation, and further because the amount of spendable money in the hands of wage earners has increased faster than meat supplies.

There's a common-sense remedy for this situation.

1. Stabilized consumer income.
2. Expanded production of meat.

Our rapidly growing population makes this second step one of primary importance. People should have all the meat they want at prices as low as production costs permit. But meat production is inseparably meshed with the production of livestock.

And farmers and ranchers say that livestock pro-

duction will be *discouraged* by too long continuance of meat and livestock controls.

As has been well proved by the experience of OPA, price and rationing controls actually create black markets, scarcity in legitimate channels of trade, under-the-counter favoritism, and no consumer benefits in the end. In fact, stabilization officials recognize these dangers and say that controls should be temporary and ended as quickly as possible. There are no substitutes for the natural law of supply and demand.

And consumers can help keep this law working in their interest by buying meat carefully and using it wisely.

American Meat Institute

Headquarters, Chicago

• Members throughout the U. S.

effort, the struggle for the rule of law, the teaching of moral responsibility, were no more than "bourgeois shams," designed to hide the naked exploitation and the private concentration of wealth upon which the system was allegedly based.

From the day Marx launched his new evangel, there was plenty of evidence to confound the Marxists and to confirm the correctness of the Western view. The supposed fatality of history was tempered again and again by the political and moral actions and decisions of the West. Marx foresaw nothing but slumps, growing misery for the workers, colonial and imperial exploitation, further concentrations of ownership, all unfolded by the inexorable dialectic of history. The Western world immediately demonstrated that freedom of choice and policy and the effectiveness of political and moral action were undiminished. Trade unions began to grow in strength and responsibility and to secure more, not less, wealth for the workers; working conditions were protected by legislation; the concept of the welfare state began to grow; taxation created a new pattern of distribution; reforming spirits were at work in factories and slums; and popular education began a slow revolution from below. Western society refused to conform to any set predictions. The thrust of liberty, of free choice, of moral and political responsibility, went on.

Yet at this point comes the paradox. While so much in Western practice belied the charge of economic determinism, a dangerous surrender to that very idea took place in the decisive centers of Western society — in Britain and in the United States. When Marxists attacked Western society on the grounds of its property relations, its inequalities, its exploitation, men in the West began to counter the accusation not so much with political or moral reasoning as with economic arguments which had on them the same stamp of economic determinism. Private enterprise and private property, they said, were the *basis* of the Western system, Western liberty *depended* upon this particular form of society; destroy private enterprise and you would destroy all the West's rights and liberties.

A moment's reflection will show that this line of argument came perilously close to a Marxist type of analysis. The Marxists had announced the dogma that the fundamental factor in society was its economic structure. Here were Western apologists affirming exactly the same belief. The hard-fought, long-contested rights of Western man suddenly dwindled to the by-product of the private conduct of business affairs. The Western defendants did not apparently reflect that possibly they had inverted historical reality — that responsible private enterprise had grown up in Britain, and later in the United States, precisely because in both communities individual liberty,

moral responsibility, and free government had been fought for and won. It never struck them that in communities where the traditions of civil liberty and responsibility were lacking — in Eastern Europe, for instance, or throughout Asia — the system that went by the name of private enterprise would tend to be the preserve of the usurer, the speculator, and the profiteer. They allowed the political and the moral issue to go by default.

2

EVEN more serious, however, was the extent to which for a hundred years the Western world did indeed behave as though human destiny lay exposed to a series of economic fatalities. No sane man will deny that certain physical limitations circumscribe economic advance. No one will doubt that, at some point, the laws of supply and demand will make themselves felt and that wise statesmen and business leaders will take such laws into account.

But this prudence is very different from the idolization of the market with which Manchester Liberalism sent the industrial system on its way. When Cobden and Bright protested against the reduction of working hours and the regulation of child labor, they genuinely believed that such interventions contravened iron economic laws, and in each new generation, in spite of all the modifications introduced by political action and social reform, men would go on invoking these same economic laws in order to prevent remedial measures, to counter political safeguards, and to discourage social change. Those who thus invoked the iron gods of economic necessity did not realize that they were committing themselves, fully as much as any Communist, to the tenets of economic determinism — that, for both, the supremacy of economics had become a ruling idea.

This attitude of mind persisted in the West, in part, undoubtedly, because of the complexities and obscurities of the new world-wide economic system. Men tend to regard as fatalities the things they do not understand, and the grasp of Western economists, thinkers, politicians, and business leaders upon the vast tumultuous system they had created was, to say the least of it, slender. The collection of statistics had hardly begun. Detailed information about world economic trends only began to be available on a large and systematic scale after the First World War; the annual official presentation of the economic facts within each community was started as late as the Second, and then only in advanced industrial communities.

To a large extent, the world economy ran blind, the forces moving it were unanalyzed, and, once the whole vast enterprise began to founder, as it seemed to be doing in 1929, no one knew how to float it back into quieter waters. The economic

fatalities, which no one understood, held the mastery. The West found itself "economically determined," even if it hotly denied the principles of economic determinism.

One of the most striking chapters in the recently published life of Lord Keynes by Roy Harrod describes the frustration experienced by Keynes when he acted upon an official committee set up at the beginning of the thirties to inquire into Britain's desperate economic situation. Witnesses were called from every field of industry and finance, among them Montagu Norman, Governor of the Bank of England. To every suggestion that remedial action might be taken—for instance, by greatly stimulating internal investment or undertaking a large program of public works—the answer was invariable: that any economic advantage gained by "artificial measures" in one direction would be offset by losses in others. In other words, nothing could be done.

It was, incidentally, in the course of the hearings of that committee that Keynes determined to find the theoretical justification for anti-deflationary policies, a determination which led five years later to the publication of his *General Theory of Employment, Interest, and Money*, a book whose full influence on Western development cannot yet be gauged. Significantly, however, one of the purposes which helped in its making was a resolve to overcome the fatalism, the complete economic determinism, which had dictated the belief that in the Britain of 1931 "nothing could be done." And not only in Britain. In Europe, the orthodox went on arguing that action was impossible, until in Germany the Nazis gave their violent answer and showed what a supposedly bankrupt people could accomplish on the basis of political, not economic, decisions. There, determinism was broken—by something worse.

This was the decade of Marxism's most effective onslaught on the mind of the West—the decade of the Left Book Club, of the volunteers for the Spanish Civil War, of enthusiasm for the Soviet experiment, for what Sidney and Beatrice Webb called "the new civilisation." The Soviet Union was the great unknown. It was impossible to test by actual experience its claim to have suppressed instability, and unemployment, and exploitation, and imperialism simply by abolishing private property. But what could be tested by actual experience was the state of affairs in the West, where ten million unemployed men lived in America's "saturated economy"; where the shipbuilders of Jarrow and the miners of Rhondda heard from the Chamberlain Government excellent reasons why there had been no work for them for the last ten years. Defensive-ness, doubt, division, estrangement—such were the dominant feelings in the Western camp as the thirties closed and appeasement petered out into war.

Twelve years have passed, full of war and a turbulent semblance of peace. Quietly a revolution has taken place. Divisions and doubts may persist, but the Western community today is almost unrecognizably different from the demoralized huddle of states which Hitler nearly defeated. A great shift in the war of ideas has occurred, and although future historians will no doubt uncover many more facets and interpretations than are visible now, it is already safe to say two things: that the Western world is sloughing off its mood of economic determinism, and that it is returning with new insight to the political and moral aspects of human order.

For this change we have in part to thank the Communists themselves. For a hundred years they hypnotized the world with the vision of a society in which full employment, social justice, the rights and dignity of labor, the abolition of colonial status, and the establishment of brotherhood between the nations would all be accomplished by doing away with the frictions, contradictions, the inequalities inherent in private ownership. For close on a hundred years, it was impossible to test this utopian claim, at first because no Communist state existed, and later because its experiment was too new and its secrets too well guarded to make judgment possible. Since 1945, however, the Soviet system has been exposed to clinical examination by pressing out beyond its own frontiers and extending its control to peoples such as the Czechs, whose traditions and way of life bear the Western stamp. The result of this exposure has been catastrophic to Soviet claims.

3

THE economic stability offered has proved to be the stability of a total war or prison economy. The status of the worker is reduced to that of a helot under trade unions that act as slave masters for the state, or, worse still, under the inhuman regimentation of the labor camp. The vaunted brotherhood between nations has ended in the ugly nationalist brawl with Yugoslavia. The claim to abolish imperialism has degenerated into an imperialist control over all Eastern Europe's resources that even Britain in its imperialist heyday never ventured in Asia. Above all, the older wisdom of the West which, before the nineteenth century's obsession with economics, warned men of the infinite dangers of absolute power has been proved all over again (and most horribly) by the excesses of the Soviet dictatorship. The temptations of mammon seem, after all, less destructive than the temptation of Lucifer. Absolute power still corrupts absolutely even though the tyrant calls himself a Commissar.

While the Soviet Union demonstrates this rake's progress of absolutism, the Western world is feeling its way towards a new mastery and freedom in

economic affairs. The starting point must surely be reckoned Lord Keynes's *General Theory of Employment, Interest, and Money*. It ended the inexplicability of the phenomenon of the trade cycle, and by ending mystery it exploded fatality. The concepts of maintaining a high level of demand and of securing stable programs of investment put instruments of control into the hands of Western leaders which had been lacking before.

But its importance in destroying the blind force of economic circumstance may lie even more in the fact that the instruments of control proposed by Keynes were ones which either progressives or conservatives could use equally well. No conservative has ever denied the justification of state action in fiscal matters. Here was Keynes stressing, above all, fiscal methods of direction and guidance which either side might accept. It is a remarkable by-product of his new approach that, whereas most theoretical writing on economics before the war could be divided according to its acceptability to Right or Left, economic thinking since 1945 has shown a moving together of the conservative and progressive points of view, and the emergence of a common — and Keynesian — measure of unity and understanding.

This reconciliation in the world of ideas has undoubtedly been hastened and its implications more speedily accepted because of the striking demonstration during the war that the Keynesian concept worked in practice. There has never been such a "planned expansion" of a nation's economy as that which occurred during the American war effort. The saturated economy of 1939 was twice its size by 1945. The chief factor had been an immense extension of basic capacity; and since 1945 this extended economy has not only maintained the highest living standards in history: it has given away some 80 billion dollars in economic aid and been instrumental in rebuilding war-shattered Europe to a level 25 per cent above its pre-war scale. Today, in the new challenge of rearmament, some practical business leaders such as Charles E. Wilson predict that a further expansion of the base of the economy — steel production expanding, for instance, from 103 million tons to 117 million tons a year — will permit arms and the civilian economy both to be liberally supplied by 1953.

The importance of these developments in the war of ideas is quite simply that they mark a decisive break with economic fatalism. The expansion of the American and of the European economy has taken place as a result of *political* forces and decisions. Economics have provided techniques and methods, but they have lost their old determining character.

Similarly, the question whether, once exceptional circumstances have passed, the immense American economy can be maintained in full operation is

likewise largely a political and indeed a moral question. Most of the demand sustaining American business will always exist in the home market, provided prosperity is maintained. The future question will be whether any falling off in demand, particularly for capital goods, will be allowed to set off the vicious spiral of deflation. If government and political leaders, businessmen and trade unionists, are agreed that investment shall be maintained — for instance, by initiating a fifty-year development plan for Africa, Latin America, or the American South — undoubtedly demand can be sustained, as it is today, by the political decision to achieve rearmament, as it was yesterday in part by Marshall Aid, as it was the day before by the war effort. These are no longer economic questions. They are political. They are moral. The day of fatality and of economic determinism is done.

These illustrations show, too, that the old-style imperialism has gone with it. In the thirties, such concepts of neighborly aid as the Marshall Plan, as the Military Aid Program, as the British Colombo Plan for Asia, or the projects under discussion in America for assisting underdeveloped areas, would all have been inconceivable. It would have been decided that economically such schemes were impossible. Nations that only two or three years later were spending millions of dollars and pounds a day upon tanks and aircraft could not in the thirties "afford" the gift of a single plow to the farmers of Asia.

Today that type of determinism is giving ground in the West. Today, as we have seen, it is the Soviet Union, controlling Rumanian and Austrian oil, Polish industry, Czech and German uranium, Danubian shipping, and East European air transport, that must answer the charge of imperialist exploitation. In the West, new patterns of mutual aid and of increasingly disinterested help are taking the place of the old relationships. The ECA has become the symbol of the first nation in the world to achieve economic leadership without imposing any form of imperial control.

One could trace this break with fatality to other fields — for instance, the vital field of American labor-management relations, where in so many firms and factories coöperation in pursuit of productivity and the sense of the common enterprise are taking the place of earlier mistrust. Any British writer is specially tempted to dwell on this example, since in the last two years the workings of the Anglo-American Productivity Council have carried the results of changed American thinking to Britain and started to work a revolution there.

But it is necessary, while stressing in every possible way the significance of the Western rejection of determinism — this silent revolution that has come upon us in the last decade — to avoid any possible complacency, for the revolution is not completed, the changes have hardly been digested. Nothing

dies more painfully than old ideas and old habits, and any sustained effort to restore the primacy of political and moral values is the most testing experiment upon which states and peoples can embark. The Western world has turned a corner. It has got to prove that it can stay the course.

This fact has little to do with the risk of war that hangs over the Western community, for if a possible war were to be fought successfully and its ghastly aftereffects repaired, the pattern of maximum production, of a maximum use of resources, of the closest collaboration between friendly governments and between management and labor, would be even more urgent — if that were possible — than it is today. The reasons for laying aside all complacency go deeper even than the threat of war. They drive down into the foundations of our society, to the West's understanding of man himself.

The difference between the Western and Soviet ways of life lies chiefly, as was suggested earlier, in their fundamentally divergent views of man. For the Soviet, man is the pawn of economic forces. For the West, he is free and responsible. But the West admits equally that both freedom and responsibility sit uneasily upon him and he has blind plunges back into the determined world of blind

interest, blind hatred, and blind instinct. Man is not necessarily economically determined. But he can by self-interest, by narrow class conditioning, by undeviating nationalism, make himself so. The slip into fatalism is perilously easy, and the new possibilities of freedom which have been opened to the West in the last twelve years call in a particularly high degree for the practice of clear-sightedness, for generosity between men and between nations, for trust and courage.

These facts were not unknown in the eighteenth century, before the Western world intoxicated itself with the new economics. The great French philosopher, Montesquieu, declared virtue to be the sustaining element of republic regimes, and George Washington once reminded the people of America that "morality is a necessary spring of popular government." By choosing freedom, the Western peoples are committed to the harder way, and one may sometimes question whether, in the educational systems, in the universities, in the organizations for youth, in fact in all the great institutions which mold the national life, the faith, the steadfastness, and the plain unvarnished virtue needed to sustain the West in a new effort to achieve a free society receive the emphasis that should be theirs.



FIRST COMMUNION

by MARGARET McGOVERN

THEY said: *with God upon your tongue,*
The world will change.
And though I was so light and young
It seemed not strange.

That bread could be His earthly lair
And wine His Blood:
To me was but His heavenly flair
For giving food.

Ah, never was there such a shine
On land or sea
As in that thrall of His and mine
Eternity!

Never a child more joyous felt
That life was true;
Yet when my all of being knelt
The Source unto —

So sudden pierced my love of Love,
So loath to cheat
The Word made flesh and all thereof,
I wept to eat.

They said: *though you are light and young*
He will not change.
And there with God upon my tongue,
The world grew strange.



POEMS

by ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

LOVE GOES, WE STAY

LOVE, it is not our ecstasy
That perishes, it is we that stay
Behind it when it widens into wings,
We sit here, and it flies, and we grow gray.

Believe me when I swear a love like ours
Finds even a century of time too brief,
It cannot stay with us who breathe in death,
It takes to pinions swift beyond belief.

Our love had in it hot blood of the stars
From its conception, in its fierce first spark,
It must move faster than the speed of light
And keep ahead of cool time and the dark.

If we could follow this our mingled flame,
We might keep abreast of the loveliest things:
The rainbow, perfect for less than a breath,
Eternity in hummingbirds' quick wings.

We might keep level with the golden eyes
Of deer forever ahead of the flying steel,
Little foxes gentle to infant hares
Forever in their first day's commonweal.

But we must stay, and the breathless instant run
Wherein we only breathe and have brave being;
Our moment was the morning-glory's blue,
Never there again for a second seeing.

Yet believe me, love, that instant of ours
Is safe, though we are trapped and cannot follow,
With light that stretches the universe all ways
Our love, all wings and eyes, speeds like the swallow.

FLY BACK TO THE MOMENT

TRAPPED in time, we sit here now and age,
We who were lean enough for a pilgrimage
And planned all days like June days with wild roses
Blown up to all corners of the sky,

And years like Summer gales and years like storms,
Before we would think it was time to die.

Somehow our fingers softened hard joy, like frost
It melted through our hands, ran, and was lost.
Somewhere the hawk I was forsook the mountain
And hunted in the valleys for the lame,
You the curlew with morning stars for eyes
Let handsome days turn bars and hold you tame.

Now let us break away from traitor time,
From reason that devours our bones like lime,
And fly back to the moment thin as a knife
When in the gale wild briars burst into bloom
That could not last an hour in such storm
And with doomed loveliness escape our doom.

FAREWELL AND HAIL

AND now, lost love, whom I must lose again,
Time leans on us. We two are very gray.
Here is the briar-rose tall as your eyes,
And here to earth again turns your dark way.

Farewell. We shall not meet again in all the gray
Years on ruined years, though I shall come
At my own time hereafter to your side,
For then I shall, like you, be strange and dumb.

Yet remember always, love, we two
Are running swift and slender past the bars
That time and space in folly set for love,
We two leap like young lambs among the stars.

We live beyond the winds of change and fear,
We run beyond all shadows of all night,
Safe in the moment that was crystal stone,
We live on the ever-widening coasts of light.

Farewell and hail! This sadness is a dream,
We wake now in crystal eternity.
O love! it was when the sad Orpheus
Turned to look last, he won Eurydice.

Integrity

In a Church organization forced to obey the Communist government, which course shall a devout village priest pursue: betray his faith or abandon his parishioners?

A brilliant journalist, born in Czechoslovakia and now an American citizen, JOSEPH WECHSBERG evokes the answer, in all its homely details, in the extraordinary interview which follows. Mr. Wechsberg is the author of a novel, Continental Touch, and several books about European travel.

FATHER PROKOP'S DILEMMA

by JOSEPH WECHSBERG

1

I MET Father Prokop (as he shall be called here) one night recently in a small farmhouse near the edge of a forest that marks the border between Czechoslovakia and the United States Zone of Germany. Our meeting had been arranged by a trusted friend. When I came in, Father Prokop was sitting by the window, reading his breviary. He was wearing civilian clothes and no clerical collar. He is a heavy-built, slow-moving man in his late fifties, with a round, friendly face. He comes from a Czech peasant family and has spent most of his life in a near-by Czech village, except the years when he went to school in the provincial capital where he was later ordained as priest.

"I've always understood the people in my village and they've understood me. They know that I belong there," he said to me. "And now some of them no longer believe in me. That's the worst part of it." He turned toward the window. There was a deeply troubled look in his eyes. I asked him how it had all started.

"I had been afraid there would be changes ever since 'they' took over our country in February, 1948," said Father Prokop. "Personally, I was left alone until one afternoon in August when two members of the local National Committee came to see me. They were Kratochvil, the grammar-school teacher, who was the leading Communist theoretician in the village, and Pavlásek, the secretary of the agricultural coöperative."

On that afternoon, Father Prokop was working in the field behind the old church in the sleepy border village in Western Bohemia which had been his parish for the past thirty-one years. Kratochvil shook hands with him and said they had good news. The National Committee had decided to have the roof of the church repaired. The money would come out of State funds.

Father Prokop was dumfounded. The baroque cupola of his ancient church had long been in need of repair; yet his first impulse was to turn Kratochvil down. He knew the offer didn't come out of the goodness of the Communists' heart. They

would probably use it as a propaganda stunt; they might even ask him to thank "them" from the pulpit.

Father Prokop said he would have to discuss the matter with his immediate superior, the district priest. Kratochvil laughed. "Never mind the district priest. We'll get the materials and the workers and the job will be finished in no time." When the two men left, Father Prokop was so troubled that he had to walk over to his church and pray for a long time.

The district priest was reluctant to make a decision himself and passed the matter on to the bishop's office but Father Prokop never heard from them. Too much was happening in that fall of 1948. The government began to collect signatures from priests supposedly "demanding" that they become State-salaried, civil servants "on the condition that their services be rendered to the State." Priests who refused to sign were arrested by the SNB, the National Security Police. In Slovakia, an old stronghold of the Roman Catholic Church, many peasants tried to shield their priests, fighting against the police with scythes and pitchforks. There were rumors that priests would no longer be permitted to read their bishops' pastoral letters from the pulpit, that Archbishop Dr. Josef Beran was "in trouble."

It was all very bewildering for Father Prokop, the village priest. He'd never cared for Church politics, or the involved details of the relations between State and Church. He had turned toward priesthood because he wanted to serve God and his parishioners; rarely had he traveled farther than to the district town.

His personal life had been a regular, peaceful routine. Saying early Mass at six in the morning. Then over to the schoolhouse where he was teaching religion and geography. There was paper work to be done and a sermon to be prepared for Sunday. In the afternoon he would work in his garden and in the field belonging to the church. Throughout the day his parishioners would call on him con-

stantly. Even people like Kratochvil, the teacher, who often criticized the Church, would come over to ask Father Prokop's advice in personal matters. There were sick people who needed his assistance and occasionally there was a wedding, a christening, or a funeral, and once a week he went to the district town to report to his old superior. Sometimes Father Bednárek would come over from the neighboring village for a cup of coffee and a chat.

There were small rewards for his quiet, constant work. Once a year Father Prokop would take his villagers on a pilgrimage to Svatá Hora (Holy Mountain). A few gifts at Christmas time and throughout the year but never enough money to have the roof fixed or to buy a new altar carpet. An occasional glass of wine in the village inn after dinner, perhaps a game of cards with the mayor, the doctor, and Kratochvil, the teacher. There would always be a lot of arguing and good-natured kidding.

It was a good life and on Sundays the church was always crowded. Most of them were older people — the younger ones would gossip in front of the church — but Father Prokop knew that they too would come when they were having trouble.

Then the Germans occupied the country. All of a sudden Father Prokop's church became a spiritual refuge for the frightened people of the village and a symbol and center of national life. In those days Father Prokop would never dismiss his parishioners after a service without giving them hope for the future and for national survival. The Nazis didn't like him but they never got tough with him. They arrested a number of leading Church dignitaries for "treason" — the Czechs had another word for it, "patriotism" — and for hiding political prisoners. Some of the bishops, among them Archbishop Beran, were thrown into the Dachau and Buchenwald concentration camps, but the rank and file of the clergy were not much bothered. When refugees asked Father Prokop to help them, because the Gestapo was after them, he would give them sanctuary until they were able to continue their way.

"It was nothing to brag about," he says now. "Every cleric would do it, Catholics, Protestants, Greek Orthodox, the Czechoslovak Church. On the day of the Liberation, I was up on the platform in the village square with Kratochvil and the other members of the newly formed Action Committee. Everybody was crying and laughing at the same time. Crying because we remembered our people who had been taken away by the Nazis, and laughing when we thought of the future. It was a happy day."

2

WHEN the Communists took over, less than three years later, Father Prokop was trying to say to himself, "They won't be worse than the Nazis."

Hadn't Archbishop Beran himself held a *Te Deum* for the newly elected president Klement Gottwald on June 14, 1948, giving him his blessing in Prague's St. Vitus Cathedral? Even some villagers who had joined the Communist Party remained regular churchgoers. Kratochvil would never miss Holy Mass. Father Bednárek had come from Prague and told Father Prokop that most Communists were still faithful Christians.

A few weeks later Father Prokop read in the papers that Monsignore Dr. Jan Šrámek, the former Prime Minister, and Antonín Hála, a former member of the government, both of them high-ranking officials of the (Catholic) People's Party, had been arrested in Rakovník as they tried to leave the country in a small French plane. Thereupon almost every day brought disquieting news. The Church was forced to give up its orphanages, kindergartens, grammar schools, and second-grade schools. The new land-reform laws stated that no man could keep more than fifty hectares of land, and the Church was not exempted. The law didn't concern Father Prokop's Church holdings, which were less than thirty hectares; but all in all 317,000 hectares of Church properties, fields and forests, were expropriated by the State.

In the spring of 1949, a Ministry of Church Affairs was set up in Prague under Dr. Alexej Čepička, the fast-rising star demagogue of Czechoslovakia's Communist Party and the son-in-law of President Gottwald. Čepička was born a Roman Catholic, a fact which he has long forgotten. He is an extremely nervous, ruthless, and able organizer who became the militant leader of his government's anti-Church drive. Soon his Ministry suppressed all religious newspapers, declared itself the sole arbiter for all Church matters, passed laws regulating "the new administration" of the Church, censored all internal Church instructions, and began to make appointments of Church functionaries. The annual Corpus Christi processions and pilgrimages were abolished and the clergy were advised to take the faithful to "peace rallies" instead.

A special department of the Church Ministry was assigned to select Bible quotations — quoted often out of context — that could be applied to Communism. All quotes were tied in skillfully with Moscow's "peace campaign." They would almost give the impression that the Bible had been written by Marxist theoreticians.

"I was deeply worried," Father Prokop was saying to me. "All the time I was asking myself what should I do, what *could* I do. Then our country's fourteen bishops met and denounced the Communist regime; several bishops wrote sharply condemning pastoral letters. I received two pastoral letters from my bishop which I duly read from the pulpit. After I'd read the second letter, Kratochvil came to see me. If this happened once more, he said, he would have me arrested. I told him to mind

his own business. 'All right,' he said. 'If you want to play the martyr, go ahead, read the letters!' The newspapers reported that 'traitors in priests' clothes' throughout the country were being arrested. At one time over a thousand priests were in prison, one out of seven.

"One evening in May, 1949, Father Bednárek came to see me. He wore civilian clothes and seemed very upset. He had been traveling all over the diocese for the past three days, distributing a new pastoral letter among the village priests. Twice the SNB had almost caught him. He gave me my copy and said, 'You're going to read it on Sunday in church, aren't you?'"

Father Prokop turned toward me. His face had become drawn and there were deep lines which the long, silent suffering had engraved. "You're trying to get other people's advice but sooner or later there comes a moment when you are all alone with your conscience," he said softly, as if speaking to himself. "You pray. There is no one who can tell you what to do except God. You pray that He may let you do the right thing but you never know, really, and there are always doubts. What is the right thing? Loyalty to your Church or loyalty to your parishioners? To resist, be arrested, and leave your people alone, or to give in and stay with them? If I read a Communist newspaper, I'm liable to be excommunicated. Yet every newspaper in my country is edited by Communists, even the new Church papers. That means, I shouldn't read anything. But on the other hand, the police may arrest me for *not* reading the Church Ministry's publications. No matter where you look, you have to face your conscience. There is no way out. It is a perpetual, insolvable dilemma."

He leaned back in his chair. He seemed very tired. "Did you read the pastoral letter?" I asked.

He shook his head. "No. I didn't. But Father Bednárek did and they arrested him, right after Mass. He has been sentenced to five years' hard labor. Now I am going to his parish twice a week to take care of their most important needs. Since last winter I also have two other parishes whose priests have been arrested. One is nine kilometers up in the mountains. In wintertime the snow is pretty deep there, but I try to celebrate Mass at least once a week. Four parishes isn't so much. There is one district in Prague where one priest takes care of eight churches." He looked at his hands for a while and said, "When Father Bednárek was arrested, I prayed to God and asked Him to give me strength. You see, today I'm not afraid to join Father Bednárek. But all the time I have been asking myself whether my arrest and confinement would help my faithful ones who are now more in need of spiritual guidance than ever. One day shortly after Father Bednárek was taken away, old Holub came to see me. He was crying. His older son had become a member of the Com-

munist workers' militia and was guarding the frontier. And the younger boy, twelve, told his folks that he wasn't going to church any longer. 'Don't leave us now,' the old man said to me. 'We've never needed you more than today. Without you, we're lost.'

"Somehow I thought I was seeing a light. Perhaps, I said to myself, the old man is right. Suppose I should pretend coöperation so they would let me remain at freedom? At least I could still lead my parishioners and save many from a direct departure from God. Naturally, it can't be done from the pulpit since they are always watching me. But there are ways and means. I can visit the people and talk to them and pray with them." He held his head cocked as if he were listening to the sound of his own voice. "Sometimes I'm surprised about myself," he said. "I was never a leader. I was content to follow others, to be a simple soldier of God and leave the planning to the generals. And now—" He didn't finish the sentence.

3

NO LONGER could Father Prokop get guidance from his superiors though he too needed it more than ever. He had to have special permission from the State authorities if he wanted to travel to the district town. He rarely had a chance to talk to the district priest alone. They were always being watched. No one could see the bishop, who was under house arrest at his residence, unable to communicate with members of his diocese. And Archbishop Beran had not been outside his Prague baroque palace since June 19, 1949, and was said to be "briefed" for a gigantic anti-Church show trial that would dwarf the Mindszenty trial and the former trials against bishops, abbots, and canons. Beran has always been extremely popular with the population at large for his patriotic behavior during the Nazi occupation.

Early in 1950 the State assumed the right to keep the registers of newly-wed couples and of newborn children, a right that for centuries had belonged to the Church. No citizen is now allowed to have a Church wedding without first being married by a representative of the local National Committee, under the pictures of Stalin and Gottwald. All Church collections were abolished. Father Prokop has become a civil servant with a monthly salary. He was told that his services in the village school were no longer needed.

The Church Ministry began to appoint vicars general in all fourteen dioceses although none of the former vicars had died. The problem was solved, with characteristic straightforwardness, by the arrest of the old vicars general. The State-appointed vicars formed a new body, somewhat like the bishops' conference, and took over all functions of the police-controlled bishops. At their recom-

mentation the Church Ministry appointed "progressive" or "patriotic" (meaning pro-Communist) canons, clergymen, and laymen as heads of many schismatic Church organizations which kept their old names but worked for the Communists, thus further confusing the faithful. It so happened that the new leaders of the State-dominated Church had all been excommunicated by the Vatican, months and years ago.

Every week Father Prokop, and every other priest throughout the country, receives an avalanche of instructions from the Church Ministry which must be read from the pulpit. He must neither add nor delete anything. Kratochvil, the new "church secretary," sees to that. For the Church Ministry has appointed "church secretaries" in each of Czechoslovakia's fifteen thousand communities. They are to act as "mediators between the Church Ministry and the clergy," and would be "responsible for the religious life of the community."

Kratochvil took charge of his new office with great enthusiasm. "I'm a good Christian myself and I'm going to church every Sunday, but that doesn't mean that I have to fight against my nation," he said to Father Prokop.

"I am not fighting against my nation," said the priest.

"Yes, you are, if you follow your bishops, who are lackeys of the Vatican. The isolation of the Church must be broken. The Church must go among the working people in factories and on farms in seeking the truth. You must teach your parishioners to work for the paradise on earth instead of telling them to wait for the paradise in Heaven." Apparently getting tired of this Party gibberish, Kratochvil added tersely, "There will be monthly meetings in the district town between clergy, local officials, and representatives of the Catholic Action. Attendance is compulsory. We church secretaries will inform the clergy of the topical needs of the Church. We will help you to reach political maturity. If I were you, I would cooperate. What's the use of going to a labor camp for fifteen years?"

4

IT WAS almost a relief when Father Prokop was ordered by the Church Ministry to go to Prague to attend a fortnight course in political education. He was told to wear his priest's robe on his trip so that the State Police could watch him at all times. In Prague he had to live at a new priests' home in Ječná Street, which had been set up by the Movement of the Progressive Clergy. He had to read the *Catholic Shepherd*, a new monthly magazine edited by Church Ministry officials, and to listen to lectures at the theological faculty of Prague University. Last year the Catholic universities were abolished and the theological faculties were placed under the supervision of the Church

Ministry. Dean of Prague's faculty is Dr. Šanda, who was excommunicated before World War II. The faculty specializes in awarding honorary degrees to suspended, excommunicated Catholic priests.

"I thought I had become pretty shockproof, but the things I heard at the so-called theological faculty!" Father Prokop said, shaking his head. Several officials of the Church Ministry had enlightened the students and Father Prokop on what they called "the true mission of the Church."

I asked Father Prokop what *that* meant. He gave a slow, painful shrug. "Their reasoning goes like this: 'Christ gave his life to give us peace. Our country, like the other people's democracies and the Soviet Union, wants peace. In all these countries the Communist Parties are the driving power.' Thus, it is reasoned, the Communist Party has the same aims as Christ. Who is against Communism is against peace, and also against God. Peace, peace, peace!" Father Prokop shook his head in despair. "You people in the Western world are hardly able to appraise the full, devilish impact of the so-called peace campaign on our population. Naturally, everybody wants peace! The campaign helped the Communists to wrestle many people away from us. When everybody in our village was urged to sign the Stockholm resolution, Kratochvil and his gang came after me too. They figured that my signature would convince many parishioners who didn't know where to turn. I put them off and went to consult my superior."

The old district priest looked sick and haggard. "I'm glad you managed to come," he said to Father Prokop. "I've got to talk to you and I won't be here much longer. They are preparing a trial against me."

Father Prokop was shocked. He had been very devoted to his superior. "But why?"

"Oh, the usual charges. Espionage. Treason. Crimes against the republic. I'm afraid this is our last meeting. Now about this Stockholm peace resolution. I hope you will sign it. No matter how you may feel personally, you must try to stay on your job. You are now taking care of four parishes. We can't just give up all those people. They need us." He added, "I was able to see the bishop this past week for a few minutes. This was his express wish."

Father Prokop covered his face with his hands. "Today it is the peace resolution. Tomorrow it may be a telegram denouncing the Holy Father. Then the church secretary will make me publicly admit that the Communists are right. And thereafter —"

"I know how you feel. But the individual's feelings are no longer important. We can't put up organized resistance against the State Security Police. We cannot wage the fight on an open front. The Communists make a great point of being seen in

church. Everything is done to convince the people that 'to be a good Communist is to be a good Christian.' They're smart. They are fighting to get *you* now. They want *you*, the small clergyman, on their side because people like you will lend authority to their designs. They will try to persuade you. They have an explanation for everything. They don't just break up our monasteries. Instead they will tell you that there is a severe building shortage and why should twelve monks live in that large Strahov Monastery? And they want 'to make available the monastery libraries to the workers.' So they merge the religious orders and send hundreds of Franciscans, Dominicans, Benedictines, Premonstratensians, to a special camp on a river island in Slovakia for 're-education.' The property of the religious orders is 'consecrated to truer purpose.' Convicted priests are sent to a special camp because in one of the eighteen ordinary labor camps 'they might exert a dangerous influence upon the inmates.'"

Father Prokop had been listening quietly to his superior. Now he spoke up. "There was a time when I was terrified at the mere thought of being arrested," he said. "I suppose we are all human. But lately I have often wished I were where Father Bednárek is. My own parishioners are beginning to doubt me. I have noticed their reproachful looks. Yesterday old Holub turned the other way when he saw me. They think I have sold out to the Communists and became a 'progressive' priest."

"People are often ignorant," said the old priest. "But in the end they will understand your motivations. They will realize that it was for their own sake that you have wrestled with your conscience and decided to stay. It is easier to give in and be arrested. It saves you the doubts, the pains, the spiritual torture. But you mustn't do it. You will have to play two different parts: one for the public record and one for your Church. See what happened in Latvia, Estonia, and Lithuania, where the Church put up an open fight. Today the faithful there are afraid to be seen in church. In Rumania and Bulgaria our Church has practically ceased to exist. We must gain time. In one or in five or in fifty years the Communist nightmare will be over. A few decades mean nothing to our two-thousand-year-old history."

Father Prokop left his superior and never talked to him again. Three weeks later the district priest was arrested. Father Prokop and other priests throughout the diocese were ordered to attend the trial. "It was a well-rehearsed performance," Father Prokop now says, with just a slight undertone of bitterness. "He had been forced to learn the indictment by heart. He had to plead guilty to all charges. If he had refused they would have confiscated all Church property in the diocese. He was sent to a camp for twelve years. God was good to

him. He died a few months ago of pneumonia."

Father Prokop got up, pointing at the window and the faraway line of trees that marked the border. "I must get back before daybreak. I suppose you know why I came here across the border?"

I said I had a good idea.

"Yes," he said. "I helped two of our people to get into the American Zone. When one has lived here all his life, one knows every path and tree. . . . If somebody had told me two years ago that I was going to break the laws of our country and help people cross the border! Well, this is my last trip, I suppose. I have been transferred to a parish in Central Bohemia where I have no friends and can trust no one. They have transferred many priests to keep us under closer surveillance. But I have made up my mind and I will try to hang on as long as I can. Two weeks ago I even read a pastoral letter from our new vicar general which said, 'The highest religious task is to fight for world peace. . . . The resolutions of the Warsaw Peace Congress must be observed by the faithful. . . .' Afterwards, I told some of my people in private conversations what I *really* thought of this letter."

"And if somebody should denounce you?"

Father Prokop didn't exclude this possibility. "I suppose one has to follow one's instinct about people," he said. "In a neighboring parish a man recently came to confession and told the priest he had received information of some anti-State activities. According to our new security laws, every citizen must denounce even his next of kin who have committed or have knowledge of anti-State acts. Failure to do so is considered sabotage, and means heavy prison terms. The priest knew instinctively that the man was probably an *agent provocateur*, trying to set a trap for him. He exhorted him to gather his strength through prayer and to report to the security police. Only a few days ago I heard that in Hungary a secret clause has already been added to the Church laws which compels all priests to reveal to security organs information received from the faithful through confession. Several priests were arrested because of their failure to do so. Soon people no longer will be able to talk freely during confession."

He took his breviary and his overcoat and shook hands with me. "There will be more arrests and show trials, and new organizations of schismatic, so-called 'progressive' institutions. About one fifth of our clergy have gone over to the Communists. Others, delicately terrorized, will join the ranks of the 'progressives.' The Communists are playing a clever game. Always using persuasion where force can be avoided. But they won't win in the end." He shook his head, with smiling conviction, and the worried look was no longer in his eyes. He looked confident, almost cheerful now. "You see, you just can't stop millions of people from believing in God."



Poet, storyteller, and broadcaster, DYLAN THOMAS was born in Wales and published his first volume of verse in 1934 when he was nineteen. His *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Dog*, which he published in 1940, is a chronicle based on autobiography. Recently Mr. Thomas was invited by the editor of *Circus* to describe the steps which help to establish a popular poet in England today. It was an opportunity for irony which he has not wasted.

HOW TO BE A POET

or The Ascent of Parnassus Made Easy

by DYLAN THOMAS

I

LET me, at once, make it clear that I am not considering, in these supposedly informative jottings, Poetry as an Art or a Craft, as the rhythmic verbal expression of a spiritual necessity or urge, but solely as the means to a social end; that end being the achievement of a status in society solid enough to warrant the poet discarding and expunging those affectations, so essential in the early stages, of speech, dress, and behavior; an income large enough to satisfy his physical demands, unless he has already fallen victim to the Poet's Evil, or Great Wen; and a permanent security from the fear of having to write any more. I do not intend to ask, let alone to answer, the question, "Is Poetry a Good Thing?" but only, "Can Poetry Be Made Good Business?"

I shall, to begin with, introduce to you a few of the main types of poets who have made the social and financial grade.

First, though not in order of importance, is the poet who has emerged docketed "lyrical," from the Civil Service. He can be divided, so far as his physical appearance goes, into two types. He is either thin, not to say of a shagged-out appearance, with lips as fulsome, sensual, and inviting as a hen's ovipositor, bald from all too maculate birth, his eyes made small and reddened by reading books in French, a language he cannot understand, in an attic in the provinces while young and repellent, his voice like the noise of a mouse's nail on tinfoil, his nostrils transparent, his breath gray; or else he is jowled and bushy, with curved pipe and his nose full of dottle, the look of all Sussex in his stingo'd eyes, his burry tweeds smelling of the dogs he loathes, with a voice like a literate Airedale's that has learned its vowels by correspondence course, and an intimate friend of Chesterton's, whom he never met.

Let us see in what manner our man has arrived at his present and enviable position as the Poet who has made Poetry Pay.

Dropped into the Civil Service at an age when many of our young poets now are running away to Broadcasting House, today's equivalent of the Sea, he is at first lost to sight in the mountains of red tape which, in future years, he is so morbidly, though with a wry and puckered smile, to dismiss in a paragraph in his "Around and About My Shelves." After a few years, he begins to peer out from the forms and files in which he leads his ordered, nibbling life, and picks up a cheese crumb here, a dropping there, in his ink-stained thumbs. His ears are uncannily sensitive: he can hear an opening being opened a block of offices away.

And soon he learns that a poem in a Civil Service magazine is, if not a step up the ladder, at least a lick in the right direction. And he writes a poem. It is, of course, about Nature; it confesses a wish to escape from humdrum routine and embrace the unsophisticated life of the farm laborer; he desires, though without scandal, to wake up with the birds; he expresses the opinion that a plowshare, not a pen, best fits his little strength; a decorous pantheist, he is one with the rill, the rhyming mill, the rosy-bottomed milkmaid, the russet-cheeked rat-catcher, swains, swine, pipits, pippins. You can smell the country in his poems, the fields, the flowers, the armpits of Triptolemus, the barns, the byres, the hay, and, most of all, the corn. The poem is published. A single lyrical extract from the beginning must suffice: —

The roaring street is hushed!
Hushed, do I say?
The wing of a bird has brushed
Time's cobwebs away.
Still, still as death, the air

Over the gray stones!
 And over the gray thoroughfare
 I hear — sweet tones! —
 A blackbird open its bill,
 — A blackbird, aye! —
 And sing its liquid fill
 From the London sky.

A little time after the publication of the poem, he is nodded to in the corridor by Hotchkiss of Inland Revenue, himself a week-ending poet with two slim volumes to his credit, half an inch in the Poets' Who's Who or the Newbolt Calendar, an ambitious wife with a vee-neck and a fringe who lost the battle of the Slade, a small car that always drives, as though by itself, to Sussex — as a parson's horse would once unthinkingly trot to the public house — and an unfinished monograph on the influence of Blunden on the hedgerow.

Hotchkiss, lunching with Sowerby of Customs, himself a literary figure of importance with a weekly column in *Will o' Lincoln's Weekly* and his name on the editorial list of the *Masterpiece of the Fortnight Club* (volumes at reduced rates to all writers, and a complete set of the works of Mary Webb quarter-price at Christmas), says casually, "You've rather a promising fellow in your department, Sowerby. Young Cribbe. I've been reading a little thing of his, 'I desire the Curlew.'" And Cribbe's name goes the small fetid rounds.

He is next asked to contribute a *group* of poems to Hotchkiss's anthology, "New Pipes," which Sowerby praises — "a rare gift for the haunting phrase" — in *Will o' Lincoln's*. Cribbe sends copies of the anthology, each laboriously signed, "To the greatest living English poet, in homage," to twenty of the dullest poets still on their hind legs. Some of his inscribed gifts are acknowledged. Sir Tom Knight spares a few generous, though bemused, moments to scribble a message on a sheet of crested writing paper removed, during a never-to-be-repeated week-end visit, from a shortsighted but not all that shortsighted peer. "Dear Mr. Crabbe," Sir Tom writes, "I appreciate your little tribute. Your poem, 'Nocturne with Lilies,' is worthy of Shanks. Go on. Go on. There is room on the mount." The fact that Cribbe's poem is not "Nocturne with Lilies" at all, but "On Hearing Delius by a Lych-Gate," does not perturb Cribbe, who carefully files the letter, after blowing away the dandruff, and soon is in the throes of collecting his poems to make a book, "Linnet and Spindle," dedicated "To Clem Sowerby, that green-fingered gardener in the Gardens of the Hesperides."

The book appears. Some favorable notice is taken, particularly in Middlesex. And Sowerby, too modest to review it himself after such a gratifying dedication, reviews it under a different name. "This young poet," he writes, "is not, thanks be it, too 'modernistic' to pay reverence to the shining source of his inspiration. Cribbe will go far."

And Cribbe goes to his publishers. A contract is drawn up, Messrs. Stitch and Time undertaking to publish his next book of verse on condition that they have the first option on his next nine novels. He contrives also to be engaged as a casual reader of manuscripts to Messrs. Stitch and Time, and returns home clutching a parcel which contains a book on the Development of the Oxford Movement in Finland by a Cotswold Major, three blank-verse tragedies about Mary Queen of Scots, and a novel entitled "Tomorrow, Jennifer."

2

Now Cribbe, until his contract, has never thought of writing a novel. But, undaunted by the fact that he cannot tell one person from another — people, to him, are all one dull, gray mass, except celebrities and departmental superiors — that he has no interest whatsoever in anything they do or say, except in so far as it concerns his career, and that his inventive resources are as limited as those of a chipmunk on a treadmill, he sits down in his shirt sleeves, loosens his collar, thumbs in the shag, and begins to study in earnest how best, with no qualifications, to make a success of commercial fiction. He soon comes to the conclusion that only quick sales and ephemeral reputations are made by tough novels with such titles as "I've Got It Coming" or "Ten Cents a Dice," by proletarian novels about the conversion to dialectical materialism of Palais-de-wide boys, entitled, maybe, "Red Rain on You, Alf," by novels called, maybe, "Melody in Clover," about dark men with slight limps. And he soon sees that only the smallest sales, and notices only in the loftiest monthlies of the most limited circulation, will ever result from his writing such a novel as "The Inner Zodiac," by G. H. Q. Bidet, a ruthless analysis of the ideological conflicts arising from the relationship between Philip Armour, an international impotent physicist, Tristram Wolf, a bisexual sculptor in teak, and Philip's virginal but dynamic Creole wife, Titania, a lecturer in Balkan Economics, and how these highly sensitized characters react a profound synthesis while working together, for the sake of One-ness, in a Unesco Clinic.

No fool, Cribbe realizes, even in the early stages of his exploration, with theodolite and respirator through darkest Foyle, that the novel to write is that which commands a steady, unsensational, provincial and suburban sale and concerns, for choice, the birth, education, financial ups-and-downs, marriages, separations, and deaths of five generations of a family of Lancashire cotton-brokers. This novel, he grasps at once, should be in the form of a trilogy, and each volume should bear some such solid, uneventful title as "The Warp," "The Woof," and "The Way." And he sets to work.

From the reviews of Cribbe's first novel, one may select: "Here is sound craftsmanship allied to sterling characterization." "English as Manchester rain." "Mr. Cribbe is a bull-terrier." "A story in the Phyllis Bottome class." On the success of the novel, Cribbe joins the N.I.B. Club, delivers a paper on the Early Brett Young Country, and becomes a regular reviewer, praising every other novel he receives — ("The prose shimmers") — and inviting every third novelist to dine at the Servile Club, to which he has recently been elected.

When the whole of the trilogy has appeared, Cribbe rises, like scum, to the N.I.B. committee, attends all the memorial services for men of letters who are really dead for the first time in fifty years, tears up his old contract and signs another, brings out a new novel, which becomes a Book Society choice, is offered, by Messrs. Stitch and Time, a position in an "advisory capacity," which he accepts, leaves the Civil Service, buys a cottage in Bucks ("You wouldn't think it was only thirty miles from London, would you. Look, old man, see that crested grebe." A starling flies by), a new desk and a secretary whom he later marries for her touch-typing. Poetry? Perhaps a sonnet in the *Sunday Times* every now and then; a little collection of verse once in a while ("My first love, you know"). But it doesn't really bother him any more, though it got him where he is. *He has made the grade!*

3

AND now we must move to see for a moment a very different kind of poet, whom we shall call Cedric. To follow in Cedric's footsteps — (he'd love you to, and would never call a policeman unless it was that frightfully sinister sergeant you see sometimes in Mecklenburg Square, just like an El Greco) — you must be born twilightly into the middle classes, go to one of the correct schools — (which, of course, you must loathe, for it is essential, from the first, to be misunderstood) — and arrive at the University with your reputation already established as a coming poet and looking, if possible, something between a Guards officer and a fashionable photographer's doxy.

You may say, But how is one to arrive with one's reputation already established as "a poet to watch"? (Poet-watching may in the future become as popular as bird-watching. And it is quite reasonable to imagine the editorial offices of "The Poetaster" being brought up by the nation as a sanctuary.) But that is a question outside the scope of these all-too-rough notes, as it must be assumed that anyone wishing to take up Poetry as a career has always known how to turn the stuff out when required. And also Cedric's college tutor was his housemaster's best friend. So here is Cedric, known already to the discerning few for his sensitive poems about golden limbs, sun-jeweled fronds, the am-

brosia of the first shy kiss in the delicate-traceried caverns of the moon (really the school boot-cup-board), at the threshold of fame and the world laid out before him like a row of balletomanes.

If this were the twenties, Cedric's first book of poems, published while he was still an undergraduate, might be called "Asps and Lutes." It would be nostalgic for a life that never was. It would be world-weary. (He once saw the world, out of a train carriage window: it looked unreal.) It would be a carefully garish mixture, a cunningly evocative pudding full of plums pulled from the Sitwells and others, a mildly cacophonous hothouse of exotic horticultural and comic-erotic bric-a-brac, from which I extract these typical lines: —

A cornucopia of phalluses
Cascade on the vermilion palaces
In arabesques and syrup rigadoons;
Quince-breasted Circes of the zenanas
Do catch this rain of cherry-wigged bananas
And saraband beneath the raspberry moons.

After a tiff with the University authorities he vanishes into the Key of Blue — a made man.

If it were in the thirties, the title of his book might well be "Pharos, I Warn," and would consist of one of two kinds of verse. Either it would be made of long, lax, lackadaisical rhythms, dying falls, and images of social awareness: —

After the incessant means-test of the
conspiratorial winter
Scrutinizing the tragic history of each
robbed branch,
Look! the triumphant bourgeoning! spring
gay as a workers' procession
To the newly-opened gymnasium!
Look! the full employment of the blossoms!

Or it would be daringly full of slang and street phrases, snippets of song hits, Kipling jingles, kippered blues: —

We're sitting pretty
In the appalling city —
I know where we're going but I don't know
where from —
Take it from me, boy,
You're my cup-of-tea-boy,
We're sitting on a big black bomb.

Social awareness! That was the motto. He would talk over coffee — ("Adrian makes the best coffee in the whole of this uncivilized island." "Tell me, Rodney, where *do* you get these delicious little pink cakes?" "It's a secret!" "Oh, *do* tell. And I'll give you that special receipt that Basil's Colonel brought back from Ceylon, it takes three pounds of butter and a mango pod") — of spending the long vacation in "somewhere *really* alive. I mean, but really. Like the Rhondda Valley or something. I mean, I know I'll feel really *orientated* there. I mean, one's so stagnant here. Books, books.

It's people that count. I mean, one's got to know the miners." And he spends the long vacation with Reggie, in Bonn. A volume of politico-travel chat follows, the promise of which is amply fulfilled when, years later, he turns up as Literary Secretary of I.A.C.T. — (International Arts Council Tomorrow).

If Cedric were writing in the forties, he would, perhaps, be engulfed, so that he could not see the wool for the Treece, in a kind of "apocalyptic" batter, and his first volume might be entitled "Plangent Macrocosm," or "Heliogabalus in Pentecost." Cedric can mix his metaphor, bog his cliché, and soak his stolen symbols in stale ass's milk as glibly and glueily as the best of them.

Next, London and reviewing. Reviewing, obviously, the work of other poets. This, to do badly, is simple; and, though not at once, financially rewarding. The vocabulary that a conscientiously dishonest reviewer of contemporary verse must learn is limited. Trend, of course, and impact, sphere of influence, Audenesque, the later Yeats, constructivism, schematic, ingeniously sprinkled, will help along, no end, the short and sweeping dismissal of the lifework of any adult and responsible poet.

The principal rules are few to remember: When reviewing, say, two entirely dissimilar books of verse, pit one against the other as though they were originally written in strict competition. "After Mr. A's subtle, taut, and integrated poetical comments or near-epigrams, Mr. B's long and sonorous heroic narrative, for all its textural richness and vibrative orchestration, rings curiously hollow" is an example of this most worth-while and labor-saving device. Decide, quite carefully, to be a staunch admirer of one particular poet, whether you like his poetry or not; cash in on him; make him your own; patent him; carve a niche with him. Bring his name, gratuitously, into your reviews: "Mr. E is, unfortunately, a poet much given to rhodomontade (unlike Hector Whistle)." "Reading Mr. D's admirably scholarly though, in places, pedestrian translations, we find ourselves longing for the cool ardor and consummate craftsmanship of Hector Whistle." Be careful, when you choose your poet, not to poach. Ask yourself first, "Is Hector Whistle anyone else's pigeon?"

Read all other reviews of the books you are about to review before you say a word yourself. Quote from the poems only when pressed for time: a review should be about the reviewer, not the poet. Be careful not to slate a bad rich poet unless he is notoriously mean, dead, or in America, for it is not such a long step from reviewing verse to editing a magazine, and the rich bad poet may well put up the money.

Returning to Cedric, let us suppose that he has, as a result of comparing a rich young man's verse with Auden's, to the detriment of Auden's, been given the editorship of a new literary periodical.

(He may also be given a flat. If not, he should insist that the new periodical must have commodious offices. He then lives in them.) Cedric's first problem is what to call the thing. This is not easy, as most of the names that mean nothing at all — essential to the success of a new project — have all been used: *Horizon*, *Polemic*, *Harvest*, *Caravel*, *Seed*, *Transition*, *Arena*, *Circus*, *Cronos*, *Signposts*, *Wind and Rain* — they've all been had. Can you hear Cedric's mind churning away? "Vacuum," "Volcano," "Limbo," "Milestone," "Need," "Eruption," "Schism," "Data," "Arson." Yes, he's got it: "Chiaroscuro." The rest is easy: just the editing.

But let us look, very quickly, at some other methods of making poetry a going concern.

The Provincial Rush, or the Up-Rimbaud-and-At-Em approach. This is not wholeheartedly to be recommended as certain qualifications are essential. Before you swoop and burst upon the center of literary activity — which means, when you are very young, the right pubs, and, later, the right flats, and, later still, the right clubs — you must have behind you a body (it need have no head) of ferocious and un-understandable verse. (It is not, as I said before, my function to describe how these gauche and verbose ecstasies are achieved. Hart Crane found that, while listening, drunk, to Sibelius, he could turn out the stuff like billyho. A friend of mine, who has been suffering from a violent headache since he was eight, finds it so easy to write anyway he has to tie knots in his unpleasant handkerchief to remind him to stop. There are many methods, and always, when there's a will and slight delirium, there's a way.) Again, this poet must possess a thirst and constitution like that of a salt-eating pony, a hippo's hide, boundless energy, prodigious conceit, no scruples, and — most important of all, this can never be overestimated — a home to go back to in the provinces whenever he breaks down.

Of the poet who merely writes because he wants to write, who does not deeply mind if he is published or not, and who can put up with poverty and total lack of recognition in his lifetime, nothing of any pertinent value can be said. He is no businessman. Posterity Does Not Pay.

Also, and highly *unrecommended*, are the following: —

The writing of limericks. Vast market, little or no pay.

Poems in crackers. Too seasonal.

Poems for children. This will kill you, and the children.

Obituaries in verse. Only established favorites used.

Poetry as a method of blackmail (by boring). Dangerous. The one you blackmail might retaliate by reading you aloud his unfinished tragedy about St. Bernard: "The Flask."

And lastly: *Poems on lavatory walls.* The reward is purely psychological.



The free press guaranteed by our Constitution is encountering a new — and growing — obstacle: a flat refusal by many public officials to divulge what is going on in their conduct of office. JAMES S. POPE, Managing Editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal for the past eleven years, is a director of the American Society of Newspaper Editors and chairman of that group's Committee on Freedom of Information. He is also a director of the Associated Press Managing Editors.

THE SUPPRESSION OF NEWS

by JAMES S. POPE

1

IF ONE condition for a democracy can be set ahead of all others, it is this: the people, being the rulers, must receive complete and accurate information. But within the past year a sharp and critical disagreement has been found to exist between the country's newspaper editors and the officeholders who contrive much of its news. How much should the people know?

Of course, every newspaperman is used to a nominal tussle over news that reflects some discredit on elected or employed public officials — whether they operate in the city hall, the county courthouse, the state capitol, or in Washington. If the story is going to make the governor or the mayor or the county judge, or the major general, squirm with embarrassment, then the reporter expects to dig a little harder than usual to get it. This is a conflict as old as government and news of government.

But the conflict has gone far beyond that simple ceremonial. Only recently have most editors begun to realize that these familiar little guerrilla skirmishes now are part of a broad-scale offensive against freedom of information — against the basic principle of the citizen's right to know, so that he may govern himself.

The truth is that many men in office now propagate a contrary creed, which holds that it is dangerous for news of government to leak out in any natural, unprocessed form. The fountainhead of this cult is Washington, but devotees dot the land.

No concept in our ideology is more important and more widely misunderstood than Freedom of Information. It is not by any means Freedom of the Press. It is an implication, but little more, of that primary freedom. The right to publish journals of news without government interference was guaranteed in the First Amendment. Freedom of the Press exists. It is tangible, dynamic, well protected in general by courts and by public opinion.

But Freedom of Information is just an idealistic first cousin. It is a hope. If we forget it for a while, it can be stolen away, because it has never been nailed down. It is chiefly an inference; an inference that if the Founding Fathers wanted government to keep its hands off the press, they expected that government to be conducted openly. Otherwise, a free press would be unable to serve its intended purpose.

Few public officials would dare challenge Freedom of the Press, yet they can weaken and perhaps eventually destroy it if they are allowed to strangle Freedom of Information. The truth is that we can have a completely legalistic Freedom of the Press and at the same time lose a vital part of the information which gives this freedom any meaning. We can lose it through a combination of guileful concealment and coloration by public servants, and just plain apathy among the workers of the press.

In the ultimate, Freedom of Information is just about this: the freedom to fight for it. This conclusion, coupled with a warning that it is past time to start the fight, was presented to the American Society of Newspaper Editors a few weeks ago by its Committee on Freedom of Information. This committee could not escape learning how widespread curtailment of information has become. It received appeals for aid against secretive officialdom from papers large and small; from the little editor being denied basic information by his police chief to the big editor who got bruised by the Bureau of Internal Revenue.

The committee is still carrying on a heavy correspondence with scores of editors and public officials, probing, discussing, expounding, disputing. Out of this exchange, two significant factors in the war for knowledge have assumed clear shape. They are new factors in several respects, but certainly in the sense that they have far outgrown their image in the public mind. One is the spreading philosophy

that the inside man, the head of a department or agency, knows better than anyone else what the public should be told, and must screen his records accordingly. The other is the technique of news control itself, which now enlists more than 50,000 workers in the Federal Government alone. This is a competent estimate. *Editor & Publisher* said in its issue of April 7, 1951, that the exact number of publicity agents in the Federal Government is not known, and that the Bureau of the Budget had declined the job of finding out unless given a special appropriation from Congress.

If it is questioned whether these twin forces really are new, a good witness is Harold L. Cross, the noted newspaper lawyer who has been retained by the A.S.N.E. to make the first comprehensive survey of laws and decisions affecting access to public records. He said in his interim report: —

This Society . . . had well served the profession of journalism for a quarter of a century before need arose to create a committee with the prime function to strike down barriers to access to public records and proceedings. For a decade longer I practiced newspaper law without encountering a serious case of refusal of access. Now scarcely a week goes by without a new refusal. The last five years brought more newspaper lawsuits to open records than any previous twenty-five.

2

THERE is just cause for concern, not only about the national government but about the grass roots of state and community news. The Governor of Arizona became worried about criticisms of his Land Commissioner and asked the Attorney General to investigate. The Attorney General's report so moved the Governor that he fired the Land Commissioner; but he refused to let the *Arizona Daily Star* or any other representative of the public take a look at the report. The state claimed this report was not a public record, though it was made by, on, and to a public official. The *Star* took up the challenge and is still fighting for a court decision which will pry open this official secret.

There has been trouble in New England. A public school board has a peculiarly vital public function, yet the board in Torrington, Connecticut, repeatedly denied admittance to its meetings or access to its minutes to a reporter for the *Waterbury American*. Court action forced the minutes out, but it may well be asked: In what atmosphere of medieval repression does a public body reside when it compels its public to go to court to obtain basic information?

The trouble is that many small papers do not have the resources, the self-confidence, the legal assistance needed to fight successfully for news rights that are denied by men of influence in the community. Not all editors by any means are in a position to antagonize a board of education. That is why the

battles which are fought and won are so important: they go into the record and into the psychology of free information.

Yonkers, New York, offers the interesting problem of what is meant by "vital" when dealing with vital statistics. The City Clerk does not consider them vital to the people of the community. Marriage licenses, especially, are guarded jealously by the Clerk. In March the *Herald-Statesman* complained editorially: —

We find that in January the City Clerk's office issued a total of 123 marriage licenses. The number published by the *Herald-Statesman* (all the paper could get) was 63. In February, the official total was 40; our total for publication was 15. This means that 62.5 per cent of the marriage licenses were withheld from the public last month.

In Norwich, Connecticut, the Police Commission decided to close its records. The *Norwich Bulletin* learned of a car theft, recovered the car, and printed a story about it before the police had admitted that a car was gone. This is known as the Page One method of breaking up news blocks, and requires no wasted time in court. The police commissioners had red faces and soon hoisted a white flag.

Direct defiance of secretive practices is almost invariably effective. The Iowa State Tax Commission issued regulations that reporters must file requests for information in writing, and all department heads must submit the material to the commission for approval before release. Such delaying actions, which frequently survive the timeliness of the news, are greatly cherished by such commissions. The avowed purpose was to ensure that "the public be correctly informed."

Led by Kenneth MacDonald, Executive Editor of the *Des Moines Register and Tribune*, Iowa newspaper editors protested to the commission that "the effect of your order will be to establish news censorship over all the activities of an important branch of our Government." The Commission Chairman proposed a conference "to develop a satisfactory and adequate press policy," to which Mr. MacDonald astutely replied: "I feel the proper course is to do away with the rules instead of conferring about them." They were done away with.

The Supreme Court of Rhode Island in, as Harold Cross put it, "its second opinion redolent of musty technicalities," dismissed a proceeding in which the *Providence Journal* has for more than two years sought access to the most public of all information: tax-abatement records in the city of Pawtucket. It took a resounding decision of a federal court, which ignored the musty technicalities and went back to the freshness of the Bill of Rights, to break the barrier. But Pawtucket has appealed this decision.

Now let it not be assumed that the enemies of free information are tongue-tied, unable to explain and justify their tampering with the structure of

American freedom. Reasons are given for most secrecies. In the Pawtucket case, for example, a member of the City Council declared: —

No Republican councilman will repudiate The Providence Journal because The Providence Journal and the Republican Party are synonymous. As long as there is a fighting Democrat left in Pawtucket we will fight The Providence Journal Company.

The Attorney General of Michigan, Stephen J. Roth, is another public servant who understands why information is concealed; and he explained it with some eloquence to a Michigan Editorial Conference: —

I think the less concern you have with what you are entitled to under the law the better off you're going to be; because I think you'll discover or have discovered in your experience that public officials unless they are interested in political suicide are going to be pretty circumspect on letting you take a good look at what public business is being conducted.

The virtues of candor are understood also by Jim Haggerty, guardian of information in Governor Dewey's office. When asked at a New York State Associated Press meeting if one purpose of off-the-record conferences was not to tie up news, he replied, "Oh, sure." The "when" is as important as the "what" to the manipulators of information. If reporters get too close to a story the executive considers premature, he gives them part of it "off the record," thus damming the news until he is ready to open the gates himself. Besides off-the-record conferences, the tools of control include handouts (the Hoover Commission put the cost to the Federal Government, for research and printing of booklets and bulletins, at \$74,829,000 in 1946; current estimates are over a hundred million), directives, regulations (which enforce secrecy without statutory authority in many cases), classifications, executive meetings at which the press is barred, and similar devices.

3

THERE are many sincere and competent men in the huge information force in Washington, but not many refute the axiom that no man is going to release data which will displease or discredit his boss.

Among Washington correspondents, there is remarkable agreement about the departments that do a good information job and those which do not. Of course, their opinion is not beyond challenge. Many correspondents are too lazy to check deeply into stories, and they admire government employees who give them enough to satisfy the home office.

But for what it is worth, a recent survey among some Washington reporters turned up a general endorsement of the Department of Agriculture as having the best information-service in the Capital. Compliments were plentiful for the Departments of State and Defense (though both of them suppress

vast quantities of information for inadequate reasons). The Justice Department and the Bureau of Internal Revenue won the unpopularity awards. They are wrapped in mantles of inviolability, partly woven by an indulgent Congress and partly self-created. They dislike inquiries and habitually re-buff them.

As one correspondent summed it up succinctly: "Justice: this joint is lousy. It's worth your life to try to pry anything out of officials there. The same goes for the Bureau of Internal Revenue." And the same goes, by general agreement, for the Reconstruction Finance Corporation in recent years. It is no accident that R.F.C. has bred some scandals; secrecy almost invariably breeds them.

The burgeoning executive departments and agencies within the District of Columbia have increased their employees since 1930 from 71,237 to 173,662. In that time, the Washington press corps has increased too; but most of the newcomers have been in the processing field — those who write or broadcast news and comment — rather than in the news-digging field. The miners are still greatly outnumbered. For that reason, dependence on handouts has increased to an alarming extent. It may be that newspapers have far too few reporters to hope to cover all the recesses where news can be hidden. It is a danger the press must acknowledge.

All federal offices have constantly before them an inspiring example of news control. The citizens of that lovely village on the Potomac not only cannot vote; they cannot look while their masters, appointed by Congress, transact what elsewhere would be called public business. The Commissioners of the District of Columbia are not required, as is practically every city council in the free world, to hold open sessions — so they hold them in secret. Outside the Iron Curtain, Washington is one of the few world capitals where the right of the people to know is scorned.

Some federal agencies have created vast areas of secrecy with the blessing of statutes, but many others make their own ground rules as they go.

The Louisville *Courier-Journal*, interested in the parole from a federal prison of a Louisville character who had been serving a term for income-tax fraud, asked the U.S. Board of Parole for the names of the endorsers of the parole. Apparently these good citizens were willing to help a friend but did not want their friendship known. The Parole Board refused the information. When the A.S.N.E.'s Committee on Freedom of Information asked for a reason, the board relented and supplied the names. Then George G. Killinger, chairman of the board, wrote: —

In the future . . . desired information will be supplied if, in our opinion, such information is compatible with the welfare of society.

Now that is a ringing phrase, but a very foolish

one. The men who created our free institutions put no such restrictions on information, designated no guardians of the public mind. Mr. Killinger's credo, widely embraced in government, is the altruistic complement of the ultimatum delivered by Attorney General Roth. But whether the intent is good or bad, the public loses. The Committee on Freedom of Information wrote Mr. Killinger: —

Who is to decide what is compatible with the welfare of society? It is decided very easily in the nations which maintain control of all information, and we are sure you do not advocate our adopting their system. The Bill of Rights did not make exceptions to be applied to public officials who might be honest.

Another example of the I-know-better-than-the-people policy was expressed for the Bureau of Internal Revenue by its chief counsel, Charles Oliphant. It happened that a good many bars in Albany, New York, had formed the habit of adulterating their whisky, and the *Knickerbocker News* reasonably thought the names of these bars should be known in the community. But the Alcohol Tax Unit, which had investigated and compromised the charges with fines, refused the paper any information, claiming the protection of a departmental regulation. Mr. Oliphant, asked by the Committee on Freedom of Information why these deals were not a public record, expressed the opinion that Congress had given the department the authority to control such information by regulation, adding that "the transaction is primarily of interest to the individual and to the bureau."

That, of course, was poppycock. Any adulteration of food or drink is of concern primarily to the public. And Internal Revenue's attitude underlines a curious and seldom-challenged Washington practice of creating a special class of law violators: those who offend against the Federal Government. If someone stole your wallet in a bar, you would have him arrested and tried; and he would have no way of suppressing the news about it. But the bartender can rob you in his subtle way, buy immunity from federal officers, and you never know what happened. It is a sort of official blackmail, doubtless encouraging the payment of fines, but not open and honest government. The practice is widely used, of course, in the handling of cases of income-tax evasion, and probably in numerous other transactions of which the public hears nothing — or, for that matter, of which the newspapers hear little or nothing.

The editors who served on the Committee on Freedom of Information were disturbed most, not by any single case of news suppression they discovered but by the suspicion that each one was but a tiny facet of our ignorance, one scrap of evidence of things not known. They wondered if perhaps the widespread unawareness of concealment, of its scope and variety, was not a bigger story than any

of the stories being concealed. Being blind to news-blindness could be fatal to any democracy.

For example, who has seriously challenged the proceedings of the Board of Governors of the Federal Reserve System? Those gentlemen deal with that vital part of our economy, management of money. But they never hold open meetings. Most federal commissions — Trade, Power, Communications — do hold open hearings part of the time. Because the Reserve Board of Governors do not, as an experienced Washington observer has just reminded the Committee on Freedom of Information, "nobody really knows just what the arguments were on which they based their decisions regarding the rediscount rate, or the revising of reserve requirements for banks, or the buying and selling of government securities. The end result is that the Washington correspondents probably know less about our monetary problems than about any of the other problems in Washington. Yet [they are] the most crucial."

A method of news suppression in the Capital that has proved disturbingly effective, because it is paved with good intentions, is the so-called advisory censorship of the Department of Commerce for businessmen and manufacturers. The service was conceived to protect secrets that might be of value to a potential enemy in case of war. Any definition of security gets to be so broad as to proscribe practically any free-flowing news; but the Commerce Department does not pretend to confine its advice on news suppression to elements of military security. Its advice takes the form of a blunderbuss to shoot down all intelligence about our mobilization, and shows little awareness of the dangers of public ignorance at a time of crisis. A department bulletin thus defines the scope of its service: —

Information falling within the scope of this program includes unclassified [which means no security is involved in the remotest degree] technical data on: advanced industrial developments, production know-how and technology, strategic equipment, special installations.

Depending on any one man's interpretation of these sonorous phrases, you have there a formula for blacking out all news about defense production. It is the formula of a timid soul, too ignorant or too lazy to narrow his definitions down to actual security items, and completely unconcerned about the right of the people who fight the war, and pay the bills, to know what goes on.

How foolish can our fear of news become? One Chamber of Commerce was advised to leave out of a local defense roundup "any information in connection with the national-defense effort." It has more the sound of dictatorship than of well-meaning government muddling.

The Department of Defense is guilty, too, of fail-

ing to think through its security needs, and of using an indiscriminate smoke screen instead. The Mohawk Carpet Mills circulated a handout reporting an order for heavy duck. However, "due to limitations imposed by the military," they were not free to list either the yardage or the price. The military, challenged by the Committee on Freedom of Information, did not claim the price of duck involved any security. In a tone of self-pity, security experts told their Director of Information that it was a troublesome problem, and they hoped to get "more reasonable rulings" sometime soon. In the meantime, the flow of information is being controlled in this and innumerable other cases by arbitrary and unjustified "rulings," with no impetus whatever within the government to break these blockades. Outside the field of atomic energy, there is no law forbidding publication of any news about the war any editor can get, if he just has the determination to get it.

4

IN ONE large field, becoming more controversial every day, there is a law. The Federal Government donates monies to the states for public welfare: aid to the aged, the needy blind, and dependent children. A federal statute requires that these welfare rolls be kept secret, and no state can get federal funds without preserving such secrecy. This secrecy provision was legislated back in the fervor of the Rooseveltian reform era. Its greatest weakness, now it is being attacked, is that it was not attacked on any such scale before. In short, there was no adequate public debate on it. In consequence, many citizens and state legislators now are peering at it with suspicion, as something hatched secretly.

Actually, there were some respectable grounds for keeping welfare rolls confidential. As the Federal Security Agency says: —

[The restriction] is designed to prevent the use of such information for political and commercial purposes; to insure efficient administration and to protect recipients from humiliation and exploitation.

This reasoning is based, of course, on a dubious faith that if relief rolls are not made public, Statehouse and county politicians will not know who is on them, and cannot bring pressure for political support.

There are certainly social arguments in favor of protecting relief clients. On the other hand, here is more than \$2,000,000,000 a year being disbursed, and no reporter can check on all the reports of fraud that every newspaper receives. Sentiment seems to be growing that the necessity to guard an increasingly huge sum from grafters takes precedence

over the right of personal privacy. Indiana has repealed her secrecy law, risking loss of some \$22,000,000 of federal funds. Legislatures in Tennessee, Georgia, Illinois, Florida, and other states have expressed great dissatisfaction with the present policy. Two bills which would destroy the confidential status have been introduced in Congress. If this area of secrecy, which has some justification, is opened up to the public view, the effect will be profound in other agencies which have no law to sanction their concealments.

The Bureau of Unemployment Security keeps its rolls secret by "regulation," lacking specific statutory direction. Here again, there are some valid reasons; and there is also the urgent need for more intensive checks against fraud than the administrative agency itself is likely to provide. Again, more than a billion and a quarter dollars a year is being disbursed, and the public is told just not to worry.

When expenditure of public monies is considered along with secrecy, one agency looms gigantically over all others — the Atomic Energy Commission. It has more money and more secrecy than our concept of government can comfortably tolerate. And if press and public are somewhat indulgent about areas of perfectly legitimate information which are being sealed off, it is little wonder they prostrate themselves ridiculously before the august enigma of the atom.

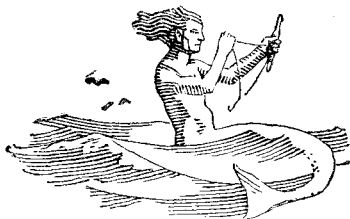
The Committee on Freedom of Information embraced a one-man subcommittee — Paul Block of the *Toledo Blade* — which did a hardheaded and yet imaginative job of inspecting the realm of atomic secrecy. In brief, Mr. Block's report said: —

1. Secrecy is intrinsically a dangerous and corrupting thing; it is highly probable that it already has hampered research and development and that it has cost the taxpayers millions in wasted expenditures. While the press must recognize the necessity of some military secrecy, it also must constantly review and question the validity of the A.E.C.'s decisions on what is to be withheld.

2. The reporting of the purely scientific aspects of atomic energy . . . is being done adequately by science writers.

3. The press, however, has been guilty of inadequate reporting of many aspects of the atomic energy program not behind official curtains of secrecy. This is because of an awe amounting almost to superstition. A touch of robust scepticism and the ruthless persistence of the police reporter are badly needed.

A robust scepticism is needed in the approach to the whole problem of freely flowing public information. It has been strangely dormant of late, but there are signs of regeneration.



An Atlantic Story



Poet and short-story writer, JAMES STILL has done much of his creative writing in that remote, picturesque stronghold, the Kentucky mountains. For years he was the librarian of the Hindman Settlement School at the forks of Troublesome Creek, and he has been the laureate of the mountaineers. In 1940 he shared honors with Thomas Wolfe in the Southern Authors' Award, for his novel *River of Earth*.

A RIDE ON THE SHORT DOG

by JAMES STILL

WE FLAGGED the bus on a curve at the mouth of Lairds Creek by jumping and waving in the road and Dee Buck Engle had to tread the brake the instant he saw us. He wouldn't have halted unless compelled. Mal Dowe and I leaped aside finally, but Godey Spurlock held his ground. The bus stopped a yard from Godey and vexed faces pressed the windows and we heard Old Meg Hyden cry, "I'd not haul them jaspers."

Dee Buck opened the door and blared, "You boys trying to get killed?"

We climbed on grinning and shoved fares to Roscoe into his hand and for once we didn't sing out, To Knuckle Junction, and, Pistol City, and, Two Hoots. We even strode the aisle without raising elbows to knock off hats, having agreed among ourselves to sort of behave and make certain of a ride home. Yet Dee Buck was wary. He warned, "Bother my passengers, you fellers, and I'll fix you. I've put up with your mischief till I won't."

That set Godey and Mal laughing for Dee Buck was a bluffer. We took the seat across from Meg Hyden and on wedging into it my bruised arm started aching. Swapping licks was Godey's delight.

The bus wheezed and jolted in moving away, yet we spared Dee Buck our usual advice: Feed her a biscuit and see will she mend, and, Dock her tail and teach her manners. The vehicle was scarcely half the length of regular buses — "The Short Dog" everybody called it. It traveled from Thacker to Roscoe and back twice a day. Enos Webb occupied the seat in front and Godey greeted, "Hey-o, chum. How's your fat?" Enos tucked his head, fearing a rabbit lick, and he changed his seat. He knew how Godey served exposed necks. Godey could cause you

to see forked lightning and hear thunder balls. Though others shunned us, Meg Hyden gazed in our direction. Her eyes were scornful, her lips puckered sour. She was as old as a hill.

Godey and Mal couldn't sit idle. They rubbed the dusty pane with their sleeves and looked abroad and everything they saw they remarked on: hay doodles in Alonzo Tate's pasture, a crazy chimney leaning away from a house, long-johns on clotheslines. They pointed toward the mountain ahead, trying to fool, calling, "Gee-o, looky yonder." But they couldn't trick a soul. My arm throbbed and I had no notion to prank, and after a while Godey muttered, "I want to know what's eating you."

"We'd better decide what we can do in town," I groused. Roscoe folk looked alive at sight of us. And except for our return fares we hadn't a dime. The poolroom had us ousted. We'd have to steer clear of the courthouse where sheriffs were thick. And we dare not rouse the county prisoners again. On our last trip we'd bellowed before the jail, "Hey-o, you wife-beaters, how are you standing the times?" We'd jeered and mocked until they had begged the turnkey to fetch us inside, they'd notch our ears, they'd trim us. The turnkey had told them to be patient, we'd get in on our own hook.

Godey said, "We'll break loose in town, no two ways talking."

I gloomed, "The law will pen us the least thing. We'll be thrown with the meanest fellows that ever breathed."

Godey screwed his eyes narrow. "My opinion, the prisoners scared you plumb. You're ruind for trick-pulling." He knotted a fist and hit me squarely on my bruise.

My arm ached the fiercer. My eyes burned and had I not glanced sideways they'd come to worse. "Now, no," I said; but Godey's charge was true.

"Well, act like it," he said. "And pay me."

I returned the blow.

Old Meg was watching and she blurted, "I swear to my Gracious. A human can't see a minute's peace."

Godey chuckled, "What's fretting you, Mam?"

"Beat and battle is all you think on," she snorted.

"You're meaner'n snakes."

"We're not so bad we try to hinder people riding the bus," he countered. "Aye, we heard you squall back yonder."

Old Meg's lips quivered, her veiny hands trembled. "Did I have strength to reach," she croaked, "I'd pop your jaws. I'd addle you totally."

Godey thrust his head across the aisle and turned a cheek. "See your satisfaction," he invited. He didn't mind a slap.

"Out o' my face," she ordered, lifting her voice to alert Dee Buck. She laced her fingers to stay their shaking.

Dee Buck adjusted the rear-view mirror and inquired, "What's the matter, Aunt Meg?"

"It's these boys tormenting me," she complained.

"They'd drive a body to raving."

Dee Buck slowed. "I told you fellers —"

"What've we done?" Godey asked injuredly.

"Didn't I say not bother my passengers?"

"I never tipped the old hen."

"One more antic and off you go."

Godey smirked. "Know what?" he said. "We've been treating you pretty but we've done no good. Suit a grunt-box, you can't."

"You heard me," Dee Buck said.

2

THE twins got on at Lucas. They were about nine years old, as like as two peas, and had not a hair on their heads. Their polls were shaven clean. Godey cherruped, "Gee-o, look coming," and he beckoned them to the place quitted by Enos Webb. Dee Buck seated the two up front and Godey vowed, "I'll trap the chubs, just you wait," and he made donkey ears with his hands and brayed. The twins stared, their mouths agape.

Mal said, "Whyn't we have our noggins peeled?"

"Say we do," laughed Godey, cocking a teasing eye on me. "They can't jail us for that shorely."

I replied, "We're broke as grasshoppers, keep in head."

It didn't take Godey long to draw the twins. He picked nothings out of the air and chewed them — chewed to match a sheep eating ivy; he feigned to pull teeth, pitch them again into his mouth, to swallow. The twins stole a seat closer, the better to see, and then two more. Godey had them where he wanted. He spoke: "Hey-o, Dirty Ears."

The twins nodded, too shy to answer.

"What's you little men's names?" he asked.

They swallowed timidly, their eyes meeting.

"Ah, tell."

"Woodrow," ventured one; "Jethro," said the other. They were solemn as firepokers.

"Hieing to a store to throw a pocketful of nickels, I bet."

"Sykes," one said. "To Grandpaw's," said his image.

"Well, who skinned you alive, I want to know?"

"Pap," they said.

Godey gazed at their skulls, mischief tingling him. He declared, "Us fellers aim to get cut bald in Roscoe. Too hot to wear hair nowadays."

I slipped a hand over my bruise and crabbed, "I reckon you know haircuts cost money in town." Plaguin' Godey humored me.

"Witless," Godey said, annoyed, "we'll climb into the chairs, and when the barbers finish we'll say, 'Charge it on your short list.'"

"They'd summons the law in an eye-bat."

"Idjit," he snapped, "people can't be jailed for a debt." Yet he wouldn't pause to argue. He addressed the twins: "You little gents have me uneasy. There are swellings on your temples and I'm worried on your behalf."

The twins rubbed their crowns. They were smooth as goose eggs.

"Godey's sharp on noggins," said Mal.

"Want me to examine and find your ailment?" asked Godey.

The twins glanced one to the other. "We don't care," said one.

Godey tipped a finger to their polls. He squinted and frowned. And then he drew back and gasped, "Oh-oh." He punched Mal and blabbed, "Do you spy what I spy? Horns, if ever I saw them."

"The tom truth," Mal swore.

"Sprouting horns like bully-cows," Godey said.

"Budding under the hide and ready to pip."

"You're in a bad way," Mal moaned.

"In the fix of a boy on Lotts Creek," Godey said. "He growed horns, and he turned into a brute and went hooking folks. Mean? Upon my word and honor, Old Scratch wouldn't claim him."

"A feller at Scuddy had the disease," Mal related. "Kept shut in a barn, he was, and they fed him hay and cornstalks, and he never tasted victuals. I saw him myself, I swear to my thumb. I saw him chewing a cud and heard him bawl a big bawl."

Godey sighed. "The only cure is to deaden the nubs ere they break the skin."

"And, gee-o, you're lucky tads," Mal poured on. "Godey Spurlock's a horn-doctor. Cured a hundred, I reckon."

"Oh, I've treated a few," said Godey.

"Spare the little masters," pled Mal.

Dee Buck was trying to watch both road and

mirror, his head bobbing like a chicken supping water. Old Meg's eyes glinted darkly. I poked Godey, grumbling, "Didn't we promise to mind ourselves?" But he went on:—

"They may enjoy old long hookers, may want to bellow and snort and tear up ground."

"We don't neither," a twin denied.

Godey brightened. "Want me to dehorn you?"

The boys nodded.

Though I prodded Godey's ribs, he ignored me. He told the twins, "The quicker the medicine the better the cure," and he made short work of it. Without more ado he clapped a hand on each of their heads, drew them wide apart, and struck them together. The brakes began to screech and Old Meg to fill the bus with her groans. The twins sat blinking. Dee Buck halted in the middle of the road and commanded: "All right, you scamps, pile off."

We didn't stir.

"You're not deaf. Trot."

"Deef in one ear, can't hear out of the other'n," Godey jested.

Dee Buck slapped his knee with his cap. "I said Go."

Old Meg was in a fidgit. "Shut o' them," she rasped, her arms a-jiggle, her fingers dancing. "Make'em foot it."

"Old Mam," Godey chided, "if you don't check you're liable to fly to pieces."

"Rid the rascals," she shrilled to Dee Buck. "Are ye man enough?"

Godey said, "He'll puff and he'll huff—all he ever does. He might's well feed the hound a bite of gas and let's travel."

Dee Buck blustered, "I've got a bait of you fellers. I'm offering you a chance to leave on your own free will."

"Collar and drag'em," Old Meg taunted. "A coward, are ye?"

"Anybody spoiling to tustle," Godey challenged, "well, let him come humping."

Dee Buck flared, "Listen, you devils, I can put a quietus on you and not have to soil my hands. You don't want to be aboard when I pull into town. I can draw up at the courthouse and fetch the law in two minutes."

"Sick a sheriff on us," Godey said, "and you'll wish to your heart you hadn't. We paid to ride."

"Walk off and I'll return your fares."

"Now, no."

"I won't wait all day."

"Dynamite couldn't budge us."

Dee Buck slammed his cap onto his head. He changed gear, readying to leave. "I'm willing to spare you and you won't have it."

"Drive on, Big Buddy."

The bus started and Old Meg flounced angrily in her seat. She turned her back and didn't look round until we got to Roscoe.

We crossed two bridges. We passed Hilton and

Pot Tomlinson's sawmill and Kingry and Thorne. Beyond Thorne the highway began to rise. We climbed past the bloom of coal veins and tipples of mines hanging the slope; we mounted until we'd gained the saddle of the gap and could see Roscoe four miles distant. Godey and Mal cut up the whole way, no longer trying to behave. They hailed newcomers with, "Take a seat and sit like you were at home, where you ought to be," and sped the departers, "I'll see you later, when I can talk to you straighter." The twins left at Sykes and Godey shouted, "Good-bye, Dirty Ears. Recollect I done you a favor." We rolled through the high gap and on down the mountain.

I nursed my hurt and sulked, and eventually Godey growled, "I want to know, did you come along just to pout?"

"You've fixed us," I accused bitterly, and I openly covered my crippled arm.

Godey scoffed, "Dee Buck can't panic me. You watch him turn good-feller by the time we reach town, watch him unload in the square the same as usual. Aye, he knows what suits his hide." He grabbed loose my hand and his fist shot out.

It was too much. My face tore up, my lips quivered and tears smeared my cheeks. Godey stared in wonder. His mouth fell open. Mal took my part, rebuking him, "No use to injure a pal."

"I don't give knocks I can't hand'e myself," Godey said; and he invited, "Pay me double. Throw a rabbit lick and make me see lightning." He leaned forward and bared his neck.

I wiped the shameful tears, thinking to join no more in Godey's game.

"Whap him and even up," Mal said. "We're nearly to the bottom of the mountain."

"Level with me," said Godey, "or you're no crony of mine. You'll not run with my bunch."

I shook my head.

"Hurry," said Mal. "I see town smoking."

I wouldn't.

Mal advised Godey, "Nettle him. Speak a thing he can't let pass. Make him mad."

Godey said, "Know what I'm in the opinion of? Hadn't it been for Mal and me you'd let Dee Buck bounce you. You'd have turned chicken."

"I'd not," I gulped.

"Jolt him," Mal urged.

"You're a chicken leg," Godey said, "and everybody akin to you is a chicken leg, and if you're yellow enough to take that I'll call you 'Chicken Leg' hereinafter."

I couldn't get around Godey. Smite him I must, and I gripped a fist and struck as hard as I could in close quarters, mauling his chest.

"Why, you couldn't punish a flea," he belittled. "Anyhow, didn't I call for a rabbit lick? Throw one and let me feel it; throw one, else you know your name." Again he leaned and exposed his neck.

"He's begging," Mal incited.

I'd satisfy him, I resolved, and I half rose to get elbowroom. I swung mightily, my fist hitting the base of his skull. I made his head pitch upward and thump the seat board; I made his teeth grate. "That ought to do," I blurted.

Godey walled his eyes and clenched his jaws. He began to gasp and strain and flounder. His arms lifted, clawing the air. Tight as we were wedged the seat would hardly hold him. Mal was ready to back a sham and he chortled, "Hark, you folks. See a witty perish." But none bothered to glance.

Then Mal and me noticed the odd twist of Godey's neck. We saw his lips tinge, his ears turn tallow. His tongue wagged to speak and could not. And of a sudden we knew and we sat frozen. We sat like posts while he heaved and pitched and his soles

rattled the floor and his knees banged the forward seat. He bucked like a spoiled nag. . . . He quieted presently. His arms fell, his hands crumpled. He slumped and his gullet rattled.

We rode on. The mountain fell aside and the curves straightened. The highway ran a bee line. We crossed the last bridge and drew into Roscoe, halting in the square. Dee Buck stood at the door while the passengers alighted and all hastened except Old Meg and us. Old Meg ordered over her shoulder, "Go on ahead. I'll not trust a bunch o' jaspers coming after me." We didn't move. She whirled and her eyes lit on Godey. She sputtered, "What's the matter with him?"

Mal opened his mouth numbly. "He's doing no good," he said.



TARRY AWHILE, TIME

by R. P. LISTER

TARRY awhile, Time, and let me look at your lovely face.
Why do you always hurry by at such an enormous pace?
Is it a game you play? Are we running a race?

I see you flying before me, as if you sought to escape;
When I look for your notable pan I see your exquisite nape;
You jerk along and I cannot read you; you are ticker tape.

Half your message is lost as you slither towards your appointed goal;
Your ideal is to hop and to skip and to jump and mine is to stroll.
Cannot you sit down just for a minute, my fretful soul?

Then we could have a chat, Time, then we could get acquainted,
Then I could see if you are hoary and hideous as you are painted,
Then I could see if you are evil or good, accursèd or sainted.

Personally I always think you must be extremely young,
Lissom and light, with eyes like the forest pools that the stars dwell among;
You could not hurtle along like that with an ancient's lung.

But what is the use, how can I know if you smile or frown,
When all I can see is the back of your argent gown?
Time, my bully, my lovely, my angel, won't you sit down?

What is there *in* the Future that it attracts you so much?
Are you sure that it is not something like fairy gold or such,
Stuff that withers and fades to ashes whenever you touch?

Time, you are very young, my sweet, or you would not hurry so.
Better sit down right here; there is nothing better wherever you go.
I am older than you, Time; in fact, I invented you. And I know.

Atlantic Portrait

*The dean of living Russian novelists, IVAN BUNIN was born in 1870 at Voronezh in Central Russia. His early work, for which he was awarded the Pushkin Prize by the Russian Academy, attracted the attention of Leo Tolstoy and Anton Chekhov, and his friendship with the latter began in 1895. Mr. Bunin has lived in exile since the Russian Revolution; now in his new book *Memories & Portraits*, which Doubleday is to publish this summer, he has given us a firsthand account of those Russian immortals whom he knew in his youth.*

CHEKHOV

by IVAN BUNIN

I

I MET Chekhov for the first time in Moscow, at the end of 1895. A few characteristic phrases of his have remained fixed in my memory to this day.

"Do you write a lot?" he asked me.

I replied that I did not.

"What a shame," he said glumly, in his deep chest-voice. "You must work, you know. You must work without stopping. . . . All your life." Then, after a pause, he added without any apparent connection: "I think that when one has finished writing a short story one should delete the beginning and the end. That's where we, fiction writers, mostly go wrong. And one should be brief, as brief as possible. . . ."

When our conversation turned to poetry he suddenly livened up.

"And what about Alexei Tolstoy? Do you like his verse? I think he's an actor. He put on an opera cloak in his youth and has kept it on ever since."

After our meeting in Moscow I did not see him again till the spring of 1899. I went to Yalta for a few days, and met him one evening on the quay.

"Why don't you come and see me?" he said. "You must come tomorrow."

"At what time?"

"Come in the morning, at about seven."

Probably noticing that I was somewhat startled, he explained: "We get up early. Do you?"

"Yes, I do too."

"Well, that's all right, then. Come as soon as you're ready. We'll have coffee together. One should always drink coffee in the morning, not tea. It's wonderful. When I am working I have nothing till evening except coffee and bouillon."

We walked in silence along the quay and sat down on a bench in the square.

"Do you like the sea?" I asked.

"Yes," he said. "Only it's so empty."

"That's the best thing about it," I said.

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"I don't know . . ." he said, gazing into the distance, apparently absorbed in his own thoughts. "I think it must be nice to be an officer, or a young student. To sit in some crowded place and listen to gay music. . . ."

And after a pause he added in his characteristic manner, without any visible connection: "The sea is difficult to describe. Do you know the description I read the other day, in a schoolboy's exercise book? 'The sea was big.' That was all it said. I found it wonderful."

In Moscow I had met a middle-aged man, tall, slim, and light in his movements. At our first meeting he had been friendly, but so simple in his manner that I mistook that simplicity for coldness. In Yalta I found him changed: he had grown thinner, his face had darkened, his movements were slower, and his voice sounded more hollow. But on the whole he was almost the same: friendly, but still reserved. His manner was quite lively, but he spoke even more simply and briefly than before, and all the time, with his face slightly turned upward, he seemed to be thinking about something else, leaving it to his companion to follow the changing course of the hidden current of his thoughts.

The day after our meeting on the quay I went to his house. I well remember the sunny morning we spent in his little garden. After that day I visited him more and more often, and soon became like a member of the household. His attitude toward me altered accordingly: it grew warmer, though the reserve remained. That was noticeable in his manner not only towards me but also towards the people who were closest to him, although, as I understood later on, it did not denote coldness: it was merely self-restraint.

The white stone house in Autka, the little garden which he, always fond of flowers, cultivated with such care, the trees, the study with its walls quite bare except for two or three landscapes by Levitan, the large semicircular window overlooking the

Uchan-Su valley drowned in orchards, and the blue triangle of the sea, the hours, days, and sometimes months I spent there will remain forever among my dearest memories.

Chekhov burst into his infectious laughter only when somebody else said something amusing. He himself said the funniest things without a flicker of a smile. He loved jokes, absurd nicknames, hoaxes of any kind. Even in the last years of his life, as soon as he felt at all better, he was inexhaustible in these things. But he never overstressed anything — with a mischievous twinkle of his eyes over his pince-nez, he would just put in a word or two.

His self-restraint was evident in everything. Who, for example, ever heard him complain? Yet he had many grounds for complaint. Being one of a large family which at the time was very badly off, he began work very young. He earned next to nothing and remained hard up for a long time. Yet nobody ever heard him lament over his fate, and this was not because his requirements were limited: he loathed drabness and poverty. For fifteen years he suffered from an exhausting illness. And yet did his readers — the Russian readers who had heard so many writers' lamentations — know anything about it? Even in his home, on the days when he suffered most pain, no one suspected anything.

"Aren't you feeling well, Antosha?" his mother or sister would ask, seeing him sit all day in his armchair, with his eyes closed.

"I?" he would say quietly, opening his eyes, so meek without their pince-nez. "No, I'm all right. Just a slight headache."

2

CHEKHOV admired Maupassant and Tolstoy. He spoke particularly often about them, and also about Lermontov's *Taman*.

"What beats me," he would say, "is that he was able to write it when he was still a mere boy. Ah, if I could write something like that, and perhaps a good vaudeville as well, I'd die in peace!"

He often said: "One shouldn't ever read one's writing before it's printed. Nor should one ever take other people's advice. All right — you've gone wrong somewhere, you've made a mistake — but let the mistake be your own. In work one has to have daring. There are big dogs and small dogs, and the small ones need not be put out by the existence of the big ones. All of them have a duty to bark — to bark with whatever voice God has given them."

It is said about nearly every writer after his death that he rejoiced in other people's triumphs, that he was free of vanity. But in Chekhov's case it was true. He did rejoice at every sign of talent, and could not help rejoicing. The word "untalented," I think, was the worst insult on his lips. Yet he felt somewhat bitter about his own successes.

"Well, Anton Pavlovich, soon we'll be celebrating your silver jubilee."

"Ah, I know all about these jubilees. For twenty-five years they tear a man to shreds, and then they come and present him with a quill pen made of aluminum, and spend the entire day going into raptures, shedding tears and smothering him with kisses."

"Have you read it?" I would ask, having seen an article about him somewhere.

He would glance at me from the corner of his eye, above his pince-nez. "Thank you very much. They go and write a thousand lines about somebody else, and then add at the very bottom: 'There also exists another writer, Chekhov: the one who keeps moaning.' And yet, have you ever heard me moan? Am I 'gloomy,' or 'cold-blooded,' as the critics call me? I — a pessimist? But do you know that of all my stories the one I like best is 'The Student'? The word itself is sickening — 'pessimist'. . . ."

Occasionally, he would add to that: "Whenever, my dear sir, someone abuses you, remember me, your servant: I got a thrashing for the slightest slip, like the chaps at the seminary. One critic prophesied that I would die in the gutter: he imagines me as a young man who's been kicked out of secondary school for drinking too much."

One of my last memories of him refers to early spring 1903: Yalta, the Hotel Russia, late evening. Suddenly I was called to the telephone. I went and heard: "Dear sir, find a good cab and come and fetch me. We'll go out for a ride."

"A ride? At night? What's the matter with you, Anton Pavlovich?"

"I'm in love."

"That's excellent. But it's gone nine. Besides, you might catch cold."

"Young man, don't argue."

Ten minutes later I was in Autka. The house, where in the winter he lived alone with his mother, was quiet and dark as usual. The study was dimly lit by two candles. And, as usual, my heart ached at the sight of that room where he spent so many lonely winter evenings.

"A wonderful night," he said with surprising softness and a kind of wistful joy. "And it's so dull at home. The only distraction I get is when the telephone rattles and somebody wants to know what I'm doing and I say, 'I'm catching mice.' Let's drive to Orianda."

The night was calm and warm, with a clear moon and light clouds. The carriage drove along the white high road. We kept silent, looking at the brilliant plain of the sea. Then came the wood, with a light pattern of shadows; after that, black crowds of cypresses rose towards the stars. We got out of the carriage and slowly walked under them. As we were going past the ruins of the palace, pale blue in the moonlight, he suddenly stopped and

said: "Do you know how many years people will go on reading me? Seven."

"Why seven?"

"Well, seven and a half."

"You're sad today, Anton Pavlovich," I said, looking into his face, very pale in the moonlight.

He was looking down, thoughtfully digging the end of his walking stick into the gravel; but when I said that he was sad he glanced at me mischievously. "It's you who are sad," he said. "You're sad because you've spent some money on a cab." Then he added in a serious tone: "Nevertheless, they'll read me only for seven years, and I have even less to live: six years. But don't tell the Odessa reporters about that."

Here he was particularly mistaken: he lived not for six years, but just over one year.

3

CHEKHOV's notebook contains a few things I heard him say myself. Sometimes he said: "A writer should be as poor as a beggar. He should know that he will die of hunger if he doesn't write, if he allows his laziness to get the better of him. Writers should be put in prison and forced to write by any means: solitary confinement, flogging, birching. . . . Oh, how grateful I am to fate for having made me poor when I was young! I so admired Davydova! Mamin-Sibiryak would come to her: 'I haven't a kopek! Please give me five rubles at least in advance.' — 'Not if you were dying of starvation, my friend. I'll give you money on one condition only: if you agree that I should lock you up in my study, here and now, provide you with a pen and ink and paper and three bottles of beer, and keep you there until you knock and say through the door that you have a story ready.'"

But sometimes he spoke quite differently: "A writer should be fabulously rich — so rich that at any moment he would be able to start on a journey round the world in his own yacht, or set up an expedition to the sources of the Nile, to the South Pole, to Tibet, or to Arabia, and buy up the entire Caucasus or the Himalayas. Tolstoy says that all a man needs is three square yards of earth. Nonsense! Three square yards is enough for a corpse, but a living man needs the whole globe. Especially if he's a writer."

Speaking of Tolstoy, he once said: "What impresses me particularly about him is the contempt he has for all of us, the other writers — or more exactly, he doesn't even feel any contempt, but simply considers that we are just nothing at all. Sometimes, for instance, he praises Maupassant, Kuprin, Semenov, or myself. But why does he praise us? Because he looks upon us as children. For him, our short stories and novels are nothing but child's play, so, on the whole, he takes the same view of Maupassant and of Semenov. But if you

take Shakespeare — that's quite another matter. That one was grown-up, and so it irritates him that he wrote in an un-Tolstoyan manner. . . ."

One day Chekhov looked up from a newspaper and said unhurriedly, without any intonation: "It's all the time like that: Korolenko and Chekhov, Potapenko and Chekhov, Gorki and Chekhov. . . ."

Now he has been set apart. But it seems to me that he has not yet been completely understood: he was too complex and original a man, with a shy, reticent heart.

Chekhov's voice was drowned for a long time. Before the appearance of "Peasants" — by no means the best he had written — the public read him willingly enough, but he was for them no more than an entertaining storyteller, the author of "A Game of Vint" and "The Book of Complaints." Intellectuals with an "ideology" had, on the whole, little interest in him. They recognized his talent but did not take him seriously. I remember some of them being heartily amused when I, a mere youth, dared compare him to Korolenko and Garshin. In literary circles the attitude towards him was different, and many critics judged him highly, but never without some reservations.

Real fame came to him only when the Arts Theatre put on his plays, and this must have hurt him as much as the fact that he began to be spoken of at all only after the appearance of "Peasants." His plays, again, were certainly not the best things he ever wrote; and, besides, their success meant that it was the theatre that attracted the public attention to him — the fact that his name was seen a thousand times on posters, that one remembered "Twenty-two misfortunes," "Oh, highly esteemed cupboard," or "A man has been forgotten."

He often said: "What sort of playwrights are we? The only real dramatic playwright is Naydenov: a born dramatist, with the most genuine dramatic spring inside of him. Now he must write another ten plays, of which nine will flop but the tenth will again be such a triumph that we'll all gasp."

And after a short pause he'd break again into peals of laughter: "You know, I've just been to Gaspra to see Tolstoy. He is still ill in bed, but he spoke a lot about all sorts of things, including me. When at last I got up to say good-by he kept my hand in his and said, 'Kiss me.' I bent down to kiss him and he suddenly leaned close to my ear and said in his brisk, old-man's voice: 'I still can't abide your plays, you know. Shakespeare wrote badly, but you're even worse.'"

I thought at the time, and I still think, that he ought never to have written about the nobility, their country estates, and so forth: he did not know them well enough. This was particularly noticeable in his plays — in *Uncle Vanya* or *The Cherry Orchard*. The noble landowners in them are very false. The heroine of *The Cherry Orchard*, for exam-

ple, supposed to have been born in that class, does not belong to it by a single trait: she is an actress, written with the sole purpose of giving a part to Olga Knipper. Firs is as cliché as can be, and his phrase, "A man has been forgotten," is a typical curtain line.

It sometimes happened that people of quite different social ranks would gather in his house. He was the same with everybody, he did not show any preferences, never made anybody's pride suffer; nobody felt forgotten or unwanted. But at the same time he kept everybody at a certain distance.

He had a great sense of dignity, of independence.

"Tolstoy is the only man I'm afraid of. Just think, it was he who wrote about Anna Karenina that she felt she saw her own eyes shining in the dark!"

"Seriously, I'm afraid of him," he would say again with a laugh, as though he enjoyed his fear.

Once, when he was going to visit Tolstoy, he spent nearly an hour making up his mind what trousers he would wear. He took off his pince-nez, which made him look years younger, and half serious and half laughing, as was usual with him, he kept coming out of his bedroom with a different pair of trousers on.

"No, these are indecently narrow. He'll say, what a pen-pusher!"

And he would go out, put on another pair, and again come out laughing: "But these are as wide as the Black Sea. He'll think, what a bounder!"

4

EVEN in everyday life, he used words with precision and economy. He valued words very highly. He could not bear pompous, false, bookish words. His own speech was beautiful — fresh, clear, and to the point. In his way of talking one never heard the writer; he seldom used similes or epithets, and when he did they were usually quite commonplace; he never flaunted or relished a well-chosen word. "Big" words he loathed. A book of memoirs about him contains a noteworthy passage: "I once complained to Anton Pavlovich: 'What am I to do? I am consumed by self-analysis.' And he replied: 'You ought to drink less vodka.'"

It was probably owing to that hatred of the "big" words, the words used in the careless, slapdash manner characteristic of many versifiers, modern ones in particular, that poetry so seldom satisfied him.

"This is worth the whole of Urenius," he once said, speaking of Lermontov's "The Sail."

"Urenius?"

"Why, isn't there such a poet?"

"No," I said.

"Well, then, Uprudius," he said gravely.

He lisped at some sounds, he had a hollow voice and often spoke in a kind of toneless mutter. At times it was hard to tell whether he was in earnest

or not. I for one gave up trying to guess. He would take off his pince-nez, press his hand to his heart, and say over and over again, carefully enunciating every word, with a barely perceptible smile on his pale lips: "I beg you most insistently, monsieur le Marquis Bookishon — if ever you get bored with the forgotten old writer, stay all the same for the sake of Masha, Mamasha [Mummy], my wife, the Hungarian woman Knipshitz, who is in love with you. . . . We'll discuss literature together."

Sometimes we stayed all morning in his study, in complete silence, glancing through the newspapers which he received in great numbers. He would say: "Let's read the provincial gossip columns and try and fish out some plots for dramas and vaudevilles."

Occasionally we would come across some — for the most part very unintelligent — comments about me, and he would hasten to soften the blow for me: "Believe me, they've said even sillier things about me, much more cruel things, too, or else they've kept completely silent."

On one occasion, a critic detected a "Chekhovian mood" in me. He became quite agitated and exclaimed with a kind of restrained excitement: "Oh, how stupid this is, how stupid! For my part; you know, I've been pestered with 'Turgenevian notes.' You and I are about as much alike as a borzoi and a bloodhound. For one thing, you're much sharper than me. For instance, you've written: 'The sea smelled of watermelon.' That's wonderful, but I wouldn't have said it."

Then he suddenly dropped his paper and asked: "What'll you write about me in your memoirs?"

"It's you who'll be writing about me. You'll outlive me."

"But you could be my son."

"All the same — you have peasant blood."

"But you have noble blood. Peasants and merchants degenerate terribly quickly. Just read my story, 'Three Years.' And then look how tough you are! The only thing that's wrong with you is that you are too thin — like a good borzoi. Take a tonic, and you'll live a hundred years. I'll write you a prescription today if you like. I'm a doctor, remember. Kondakov himself has been to me for treatment, and I cured him of piles. . . . But in your memoirs you mustn't write that I had 'a sympathetic talent' and was 'a man of crystal purity.'"

"That was written about me," I said. "They said I had a sympathetic gift."

His laughter had a curiously strained ring, almost as if it hurt him. He always laughed like that when he was particularly pleased.

"Wait — what was it Korolenko said about you?"

"It wasn't Korolenko, it was Zlatovratski. He wrote about one of my first short stories that 'it would have done credit even to a bigger writer.'"

He doubled up in a long fit of laughter, then put on his pince-nez and said, looking at me sharply

and gaily: "Still, it's not as bad as the things that have been said about me. At the beginning I wrote like the last son of a bitch. I am a proletarian, you know. When I was little I sold tallow candles in our shop in Taganrog. Ugh, how devilishly cold it was there! And yet I took the greatest pleasure in wrapping up an icy candle in a scrap of paper. And our latrine was a waste plot of ground a mile away from the house. Sometimes I'd run there in the middle of the night and find some rogue sleeping there. We'd scare each other terribly. But here is my advice to you," he suddenly added. "Stop being a dilettante; try to become a craftsman, at least to some extent. It's very bad to write as I did — for a piece of bread — but a certain degree of craftsmanship is really indispensable. You cannot always sit and wait for inspiration."

Then, after a pause: "As to Korolenko, he ought to go and be unfaithful to his wife. That would make him write better. Do you remember telling me how he wept with enthusiasm over a poem in the *Russian Wealth* by somebody, Verbov or Vetkov or something, which described the 'wolves of reaction' surrounding the popular poet in a field, in a terrible snowstorm, and how the poet struck a melodious chord on his lyre and the wolves scampered away in terror. Was that true?"

"My word of honor."

"By the way, do you know that in Perm all the cab-drivers look like Dobrolubov?"

"You don't like Dobrolubov?"

"Yes, I do. At least, he was a decent man. Not like Skabichevski, who wrote that I would die in the gutter from too much drinking, because I hadn't 'the divine spark' in me."

"Do you know," I said, "that Skabichevski told me once that he had never seen how rye grows, and had never spoken to a peasant?"

"There you are! And yet all his life he wrote about the 'common people' and about books on peasant life. Yes, it's funny to remember all the things that have been said about me. My blood was cold, they said — do you remember, I've got a short story called 'Cold Blood'? And I don't care a hang what I'm depicting — a dog or a drowned man, a train or first love. . . . 'The Gloomy People' helped me a bit, though: it was found that the story had some value because it allegedly dealt with the reaction of the eighties. Likewise 'The Fit' — because in it an 'honest' student goes mad thinking about prostitution. And yet I detest Russian students — they're all gadabouts. . . ."

He ate little, slept little, and was exceptionally tidy. His rooms were kept remarkably clean, his bedroom was like a young girl's. No matter how ill he felt, he never let himself go where his appearance was concerned.

His hands were large, dry, and pleasant.

As it happens to many people who do a great deal

of thinking, he often forgot things he had already said several times.

I remember his silences, his cough, his closed eyes, his thoughtful, calm, and sorrowful, almost solemn, face. But I do not remember "melancholy" or "warmth."

A clear, cool, winter day in the Crimea; thick sleepy clouds over the Yaila. The alarm clock in his mother's room is ticking regularly. He is sitting in his study, by the desk, and writing something unhurriedly and carefully. Then he gets up, puts on his coat and hat and low leather galoshes, and goes out somewhere where a mousetrap has been set. He comes back holding a live mouse by the end of its tail, goes out onto the porch, slowly walks across the garden to the fence, beyond which, on a stony hillock, lies a Tatar graveyard. He carefully drops the mouse over the fence and walks back, examining the young trees on his way. A crane comes running after him — behind it, two small dogs. He sits down on a bench in the middle of the garden and starts playing gently with his stick with one of the dogs, which has rolled on its back at his feet. He smiles: some fleas are crawling over the pink belly. . . . Then, leaning back on the bench, he looks into the distance, at Yaila, his face raised, thinking thoughts of his own. He remains there for an hour or more. . . .

His last letter, written abroad, reached me in the country in the middle of June, 1904. He wrote that he was feeling fairly well, that he had ordered himself a new suit, and that his only worry was Japan, "a wonderful country" which would obviously be beaten and crushed by Russia. On the 4th of July I rode on horseback to the village post office, collected my mail and newspapers, and turned towards the village forge to have my horse reshod. It was a sultry, sleepy day, as they occur in the steppes, with a dimly glimmering sky and a hot wind. I sat down on the doorstep of the blacksmith's cottage, opened a newspaper — and suddenly an icy razor slashed my heart. . . .

His death was hastened by a cold. Before leaving Moscow he went to the public steam baths, and after he had taken a bath and got dressed he went out into the street too soon.

What did he think of death?

He often said, firmly and deliberately, that immortality, life after death in any form whatever, is sheer buncombe.

"It's a superstition, and any superstition is awful. One should think clearly and courageously. One day we must discuss it all thoroughly, you and I. I'll prove to you, like two and two make four, that immortality is nonsense."

But more than once he said the opposite, even more firmly: "It's quite impossible that we should disappear without a trace. Of course we'll live after death! Immortality is a fact. Just wait, I'll prove it to you."



AGNES NEWTON KEITH, a graduate of the University of California, first went to live in North Borneo as the bride of Harry Keith, an English zoologist who was serving as Conservator of Forests and Wild Life. Her happy adventures in the jungle and in Sandakan, the tiny capital, she described in her first book, *Land Below the Wind*, which won the Atlantic nonfiction prize of 1939. Mr. and Mrs. Keith and their young son George were taken prisoner by the Japanese, and four and a half years later, after convalescing from that experience, she wrote her second book, *Three Came Home*. The Keiths were called back to North Borneo directly after the war to assist in the reconstruction; in her forthcoming volume, *White Man Returns*, of which this is a chapter, Mrs. Keith tells of the third phase of their life in the East.

SAILOR HAT

by AGNES NEWTON KEITH

I

As the only American in Sandakan, North Borneo, I was naturally consulted as an authority on the habits and ways of American sailors, pending the arrival of the U.S.S. *St. Paul*, Flagship of the Seventh Task Fleet, with a complement of a thousand men, in Sandakan.

The idea of a thousand American gobs in Sandakan haunted the responsible authorities. A dozen gobs here would make news, a thousand would make history.

"How shall we entertain them? What will they want to eat and drink?" I asked Harry. "I do hope they don't break things!"

"The U.S. Navy has the best food in the world, and the sailors are probably better fed than we are," said Harry.

"How discouraging! But we must find something to give them. What is typically American? Do you think they'd like ice cream sodas?"

"No! You can't bring American sailors to the South Pacific and feed them ice cream sodas!"

"Which do you think they'd rather have, coffee or tea?"

"Don't try English coffee. They get plenty of good Java on board ship, and I never heard of asking a sailor to tea. The Navy is dry — better give them beer."

We settled for beer, Coca-Cola, tinned biscuits and cheese, to be distributed by a volunteer canteen force in the hope of localizing damages, and then we waited anxiously for the day. The prestige of a nation rises or falls on the behavior of its visiting navy.

There is a place in the garden from which you look down on the pastel blue bay framed by the

silvery trunks and shimmering foliage of the albizzia trees, and on this exact halcyon blue spot the *St. Paul* finally anchored. In perspective she seemed to bridge the bay, lying from shore to shore, and as I looked down at one of the greatest ships afloat in all her majesty, I could not help but be proud.

"Isn't she wonderful, Harry! Sometimes I don't seem to have any patriotic feelings at all, but then something like that ship happens, and I feel frightfully American!"

"Too bad she couldn't have happened in 1941!"

Sailing with the *St. Paul* was the Vice-Admiral of the Pacific Fleet, Russell Berkey, a friend of a friend of ours, a relationship which in the East makes you closer than kin. By midafternoon we had met the Admiral, discovered the friendship, and he and his party came up to the house. The Admiral was known as the Count, and he did things with a flourish, no matter whose bottle he was opening. He possessed a display of ribbons which he never wore, and medals which he didn't remember, and had friends whom he never forgot, and because he was a man to begin with, being an Admiral came easy to him.

It was three o'clock and very hot and for lack of other occupation we served tea. Harry and I had tea, Steve and John had Coca-Cola, Frank and Roy had rye, and the Admiral had Scotch on the rocks and pretzels. It was six-thirty and still hot, and we went to a cocktail party. The Count had Scotch on the rocks and cocktails, kissed the hands of the eldest ladies, and left them asking him when he would return. We went on board for dinner, and while the Count opened his air mail from Guam, rattled off orders for his ship, organized his party,

and whipped out some new motion picture films, we had dinner with, of course, ice cream, and partook in the strange practice of the American Navy of being dry when afloat.

We returned to the shore to the Club, and here the ship's band played such music as Sandakan doesn't know, and the best party I have ever seen in our town progressed from good to hilarious — such a party as could never have taken place in the segregated club for Europeans only in pre-war Sandakan. Filipina, Chinese, Indian, native, and European women danced alike with all who came; the Count danced a rumba, and a samba, and a conga with as many different nationalities; I danced a rumba without knowing how; even Harry danced something; and for once in its custom-bound social life Sandakan had carefree, color-blind fun.

For two days following, in the steaming town at the foot of the hills where the faces in shops are foreign and voices speak strange tongues, where the essence of day is heat and odors of rancid oils, and the fragrance of night is frankincense, Sandakan became Little America. The brilliant colors of native groups, the harsh blue and dead black and white of Chinese costumes, were washed off the streets with the flood of sailor white; the shops were filled with gum-chewing, grinning, freckled souvenir seekers, the football field inundated with players and spectators, and only the movies were deserted, for Sandakan pictures had been seen long before by the Navy.

Every Chinese taxi bulged with leggy forms and cocky faces, every bicycle was pedaled madly by fast-moving white legs, the fourteen miles of road from the bay to the jungle's edge were a long white naval parade, and a steady stream of coasting bicycles whizzed down the steep hill into Sandakan, driving private motorcars from the road.

The sailors' ideas of money values were fantastic, and the fact that they were not cheated was charity on the part of the locals. One U.S. dollar was worth three Borneo ones, and with every purchase the sailors would pour out an uncounted palmful of Borneo currency and let the shopkeeper make change. When the salesman counted out his due and handed the surplus back, the sailors suffered from shock; they had never been in a town like this before, they said! What was wrong with it? They were used to being cheated! But American sailors were so rare a sight in Sandakan that nobody knew enough yet to cheat them.

The canteen was perpetually crowded and a great success. The American boys might have been accustomed to better food than we could give them, but they were overcome by the fact that we gave them anything. They helped wash the dishes in the canteen, talking steadily with everyone, especially those who knew the States.

They said, Gosh! We didn't know English folks were like this! My mother cooks like that, too!

My sister looks like you! My dad says that himself! They said, Thank you, for everything, and when refreshments ran short they just sat and talked, while gratitude shone in their faces. The beer went down like water; cheese and biscuits were eaten at the tables, folded into sandwiches and chewed on the streets, and carried back to the ship in tins. We'll never forget Sandakan! they said. We sure want to come again! And Sandakan wanted them, too.

2

ON the last morning of the ship's stay the school children were invited out to the ship and they lined up all morning waiting for launches. George felt that he had a private interest in the ship, being half American himself, and when he and the dozen British children went out with special friends they had made from the boat, he was looking forward to a wonderful time. He was away several hours, and when he arrived home just before the ship's sailing hour, I looked for a display of admiration, wonder, and pride. Instead his expression was sultry.

"Well, dear, what did you think of the ship?"

"Oh, she was all right, I guess."

"Did you see all the big guns? Aren't they wonderful?"

"Oh, good enough!"

"Did you see the ice cream machine?"

"Oh, who wants to see an ice cream machine!"

"Didn't you like the ship's crew?"

"They're all right, I guess."

"George, what is the matter?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing! Only I don't see why that little Basil should have an American sailor hat! He's only an English boy — he's not half American like me!"

"Tell me about it, George."

"After they took us all over the boat, Basil asked the sailor if he could have one of his sailor hats, and he gave him one. And I wanted one too, only you always tell me I mustn't ask people for things. So I didn't ask, and nobody gave me one. Now Basil's got a sailor hat and I haven't, and I'm half American!"

The fault was mine, I saw that plainly, and no way to remedy it. I saw a long future ahead of me in which Basil wore his sailor hat, while George, cut to the heart, wore none, and I, the stupid moral force which said "Don't ask for things," had occasioned this hatless state.

"Well, never mind, dear, in a few weeks you'll forget it all. But I am sorry you didn't get one."

"It was all your fault, Mum, and now I will *never* have an American sailor hat!" He was trying hard not to cry.

"Basil will probably lose his sailor hat," I said hopefully. "Come along, dear, let's walk up to the hilltop and wave good-bye to the ship."

The *St. Paul* sailed out of Sandakan Bay with

never a fuss or a fight, with honor to all sides and good feeling from all, and with everybody happy with one exception — George, with a broken heart.

Basil did not lose his sailor hat. Instead he looked indescribably cute in it, and attracted everybody's attention, and for weeks all the home folks said "How very cunning!" and all the visitors said "Who is the darling youngster who wears the American sailor hat?" Every place George went, to meet the boat, to meet the plane, to say good-by to the boat, the plane, Basil went in his sailor hat. Basil got the spotlight and took the bow — and George hung back like a crippled child, feeling that not to have an American sailor hat was the equivalent of a clubfoot, or a glass eye, or wire braces on your teeth.

I hoped he would forget it after a few days, and I began to think by his actions he had. But I was wrong, he was only biding his time. Several weeks later when I was having a bath in a very great hurry, George came and stood outside my bathroom door, and shouted at me with glee.

"Hey, Ma! Ma! Basil doesn't want his sailor hat any more! So I've traded him for it!"

"What did you trade him?" suspiciously.

"Oh — I just traded him that old mechanical clown that jumps over the horse, and the toy telephone, and a few things he liked!"

But I knew that this was not nearly, nearly, nearly enough! I knew that to equal that sailor hat George would have to give all he had in the toy line. There must have been coercion someplace. I shouted back through the bathroom door: —

"Well, you will have to trade it back to him tomorrow morning, because I know he won't want to lose that hat when he thinks it over. Anyway, his mother will want him to trade it back. And besides, I have told you not to trade with him. He's three years younger than you, and it isn't fair."

"Oh, Ma! He *wanted* to trade! Honest he did. Anyway I've got the hat, and I'm going to keep it! Please say I can, Ma!"

"Well, if he still wants the trade to stand tomorrow morning, then it's okay. But if he wants to trade back, you will have to. And I'm sure that he will want his hat back!"

Then I opened the bathroom door and there was George with the hat cocked over his eye, looking instead of the frightfully cute, awfully sweet little cinema laddie playing sailor with a big gob hat the way Basil looked — looking instead like a very young, very tough, very adolescent but genuine youngest gob in the U.S. Navy — and drunk with triumph and glee. I looked at him, and my heart hurt me for some future day when he would wear a uniform in all seriousness.

I sighed. "Well — I do hope you can keep it, dear. But don't set your heart on it, because I'm certain Basil will want it back."

The telephone rang. I answered, I listened. My telephone voice spoke.

"Yes, yes, I know he did. . . . Well, I'm sorry Basil is crying and feels upset. . . . I have already told George that he must trade it back tomorrow. . . . No, I don't know what happened, I was taking a bath. . . . Yes, I agree that Basil is too young to trade with George. . . . Yes, Basil *did* look cute in it — oh, much cuter than George! George just looks tough in it. . . . Yes, I knew you wouldn't want him to trade it, dear. . . . Yes, all right, they can change back in the morning."

I turned from the telephone. There was George with the hat on his head, and streaming down his cheeks were tears. To have made the trade, to have won, to have had the hat on his head — and then to lose! I could remember moments like this one all the way back through my own life, and nothing has ever made me forget their pain.

"I'm sorry, George," was all I could say.

"I won't! I won't give it back to him! The silly little — He traded it! I have a right to this hat, and he hasn't. He's only an English boy!" And then he broke, "Oh, Mum, I want — I want a sailor hat, Mum — and I'll *never* have one now!"

It wasn't the first time that blood had flashed in my eye and inspiration suffused my brain to comfort my son's hurt. "Write to the Admiral!" I said.

It took two days for George to write that letter, with all the things he, and we, felt he ought to say.

Harry: "If you're asking for hats, better ask for one with gold braid on it!"

George: "Aw, I don't want one of those! I like the gob hats better!"

I: "Don't forget to tell him that you hope he comes here again."

The letter was mailed, and the waiting ensued. Every night now the Admiral was included in George's prayers, and the hat was covered by the open clause, "Please God, get me a gob hat — *somehow!*" Every mail day George questioned anxiously, "Did my sailor hat come?"

Only once did his steadfast vision falter. One night he said to me, with a hint of future maturity, "You know, Ma, I'm so anxious to get that hat! Only maybe after I get it — maybe it won't make so much difference!"

The American Navy has never been put to a severer test than during those weeks of waiting. Finally, at 4 p.m. on a Friday, three weeks after George had mailed his letter, an air-mail folder arrived, and in it was a sailor hat from the Admiral.

That was a very important day for George; on that day the American principles of democracy and valor were vindicated forever in his heart. And the fact that the sailor hat now lies upside down on the shelf as a catchall for round, polished stones, sea shells, old clock springs, shiny nails, and glass marbles makes the memory of that day none the less valiant.



DONALD MOFFAT, the Boston author, became a friend of France during his years in the American Field Service in the First World War. He and his wife made extended visits to the country in the years between the wars, and there he gathered the knowledge of country and character so pleasantly depicted in his books *The Mott Family in France* and *A Villa in Brittany*. Last summer they went back again — the first time they had been in Paris since the Liberation, and the reunion resulted in a new series of which this is the first.

ANNIVERSARY IN PARIS

by DONALD MOFFAT

I

AT the corner of the rue St-Honoré and the rue de Castiglione stood a military vehicle mounting a huge searchlight, whose beam, pointing north, crossed a twin beam from the rue de la Paix. Both were trained on the figure of Napoleon, perched high on his spiral column under the blue-black arch of the night sky, evoking the illusion of a little white manikin hanging in mid-air. The column itself, the Kanes noticed as they approached the Place Vendôme, was lighted a rusty red from below, and its base was shrouded by a pavilion of greenery, looped in garlands and picketed with tall white and gold flagstaffs, from which drooped and fluttered the banners of France.

They strolled along with the sauntering crowd and, as they reached the temporary barrier set up at the entrance of the Place, they heard behind them the swelling music of a military band. At the barrier Kane paid three hundred francs apiece, and the handsome young *agent de police* saluted and smiled as he drew aside to let them pass.

"Do you think the police were picked for their looks, after the war?" Mrs. Kane asked her husband. "They're all so beautiful. Look at that lot over there!"

"Could be." And Kane observed that the group of twenty or thirty other *agents*, drawn up at ease on the sidewalk, were also, to a man, young and handsome, and smart in their blue *képis*, cloaks, and white gloves. The Black Maria parked near them at the curb seemed to be the only motor vehicle in the Place. Otherwise the strolling crowds had it to themselves: young couples, old folk, family groups with babies in arms and bigger babies underfoot, knots of tourists, a few uniforms, and the eternal gay little Paris dogs threading and greeting and sniffing and never, never fighting. Mrs. Kane was struck once more by the essential innocence of the Paris crowd, how naïvely and quickly it re-

sponded to beauty such as this, and how prone to embroider, with a sort of delicate mass irony, its complacent acceptance of Paris as the center of the civilized world. Kane thought of how many times in the past the mood of just such a crowd as this had suddenly changed, to stain the pavement with blood and deflect the current of French history. The police were not there by accident! But he felt drawn to Paris-in-the-streets nevertheless, and took sentimental pleasure in identifying himself with it.

The crowd opened to let the quickstepping band of the Chasseurs-à-Pied circle the column and take its place beside the other crack regimental bands already in position. For this was a birthday celebration, the 250th anniversary of the Place Vendôme, begun when Louis XIV was on the throne of France. Now the principal façades were flooded with light; from classic pediment and balcony hung folds of red velvet picked out with golden emblems of the Sun King. Wherever the eye fell it embraced a perfection of proportion, a grace of form, a symphony of color, all for the glory of France — and, as Kane overheard from the lips of a passing ironist with the fashionable strip of beard on his youthful chin, "*pour épater les touristes*." Kane, having reached a certain age, was no longer averse to being taken for what he was, a tourist; and delighted to be *épaté*. So he smiled benignly on the young man, and the young man grinned back.

In France, when there is a celebration, there must be music, and the music was ready; there must be wine, and wine there was: here and there on the sidewalk round the Place, little groups of concierges, seated comfortably in chairs, entertained their friends at tables drawn from their lairs, sipping their red wine, dim comfortable eyes taking glory for granted. And wine upstairs behind the glowing red velvet and gold, in the principal rooms of the great couturiers, banks, jewelers, and hotels.

Kane showed a card, and they were escorted up to one such apartment where friends had gathered for a glass of champagne and a perfect view over the Place. The parquet gleamed, the crystal chandeliers glittered, and the walls and ceiling, looking just as they did when they were painted two hundred years or more ago, gave Mrs. Kane the sensation of stepping into a Watteau. Even the ladies' clothes, she reflected, seemed to go perfectly with the gaily painted figures on the walls — but then, why not? They were both, clothing and painting, designed and executed in Paris. Watteau, Fragonard, Boucher — not to mention Louis himself — would have comprehended and enjoyed these feminine absurdities, as they had rejoiced in the frivolities that were modern in their own day.

Leaning over the narrow balcony they gazed down over the Place, where, hemmed in by the crowd, seven bands were drawn up side by side; and presently Kane heard them crash in turn into all his favorite marches, familiar from "*la guerre de Quatorze*": the Sambre-et-Meuse, Marche Lorraine, Joli Tambour, Madelon, Chant du Départ, and the other old martial airs to which Frenchmen had marched off to war in times past. The drums rattled, the brasses blazed, and then the tasseled, spinning bugles came to rest at twenty pairs of lips and the thin golden knife of sound pierced his very heart.

He thought: the trappings of war! How men — and women, too; especially women! — have always responded to them, loved them: the swinging columns, the uniforms and braid, the banners, the bugles, the swords, the drums! Even now, he reflected, when we know damn well that it has nothing to do with war, we love its panoply still. That crowd down there, dawdling attentively: we're not so naïve as our great-grandfathers, we're not taken in. *Mais — c'est beau, quand même.*

2

FROM a dais at the base of Napoleon's column came an amplified voice speaking in a solid Midwestern American accent, and the voice was Eisenhower's, repeating, on the anniversary of the Normandy landings, part of his message to the people of France. The voice stopped; from the dais a baton was lifted, a hush — and then the Marseillaise, played by seven bands in unison.

Kane, stirred as always in spite of himself, turned and left the balcony, picked up a little tasseled booklet from a pile on a side table and, to hide his emotion, read the message written for the occasion by Paul Claudel, ending: —

. . . ici la France reçoit, ici la France travaille, ici elle reste pareille à elle-même, affirmant son unité à travers les vicissitudes d'une longue histoire. . . . Et c'est pourquoi nous vous invitons tous, d'où que vous veniez et où que vous alliez, à prendre place autour de cette table que nous avons dressée au cœur

de Paris à l'occasion de ce mémorable anniversaire pour y porter à vos lèvres dans le cristal d'une soirée enchanteresse quelques gouttes d'un vin qui a 250 années de cave, d'un grand vin où notre pays tout entier s'est fait sucre et cher pour venir jusqu'à vous.

Kane wondered guiltily whether anyone had noticed his little emotional spasm, and then said to himself: "Damn it, why not? This is Paris." And, down in the Place again after thanking their hosts, he thought: there should be torches here, smoky acrid torches to cloud the crystal with the authentic odor of antiquity. These lights are too modern, too bright. The twin beams fixed on the Emperor were suddenly cut off.

"There goes Napoleon," said Mrs. Kane, and yawned.

"*Va-t'en, belle, t'es gâtée!*" she heard a gay old grandmother call to a girl ahead, hand in hand with a boy friend — apropos of what, she had no idea, but smiled at the phrase for its Frenchness.

"Bedtime, I guess," said Kane.

"Once upon a time we'd have headed for the Jardin de Ma Sœur. Or Zelli's. D'you mind getting old?"

"Middle-aged," he corrected her. "Not a damn bit."

Mrs. Kane said "Hm."

Even the polite little mongrel dogs were beginning to yawn. The bands formed columns and began marching away to the tapping of their drums. Mothers called shrilly to weary children. The crowd swirled slowly towards the rue de Castiglione, carrying the Kanes along, hand in hand, towards their hotel.

Under the arcades the shopwindows were still lighted, and Kane noticed as they strolled past that they were all dressed in the Louis XIV motif. Used as he was to his wife's magnetic attraction for show windows, he was not surprised to find himself suddenly alone. He stopped, and turned: there she was, standing before one of them, beckoning to him with her smile.

Over the shop door was the name of a famous *chemisier*; but in the two windows, for the Anniversary week, the customary socks, handkerchiefs, and bolts of linen had been replaced by royal raiment. A card reading LEVER DU ROI SOLEIL was propped against the glass, and behind it was displayed, with a sort of casual grace, everything — obviously — that a King of two hundred and fifty years ago might have needed on getting up in the morning: a shaving kit and basin, brushes, little pots of pomade, a great golden wig on a stand. From another stand hung a marvelously embroidered waistcoat and longcoat; and over a chair, white silk knee breeches and stockings, a plumed hat. A long ebony walking stick leaned against it, and on the floor waited a pair of little red high-heeled shoes with diamond buckles. There were a

few pieces of period furniture, including a carved walnut armchair — “Oh, I’d give my right eye for that!” murmured Mrs. Kane. An old fellow in working clothes breathed over her shoulder: “*Tiens! C’est une chaise percée!*” and laughed. The Kanes, looking more closely, saw that indeed it was, and laughed with him.

Moving to the other window they read a similar card: LEVER DU SOLEIL . . . ROI, and laughed again. For here was a beach scene, with sand on the floor, and a couple of camp chairs, and a picnic basket spilling its debris over a folding table. On one chair a girl had flung her Bikini bathing suit, on the other lay a pair of men’s shorts, and scattered about on the sand they noticed such classic French picnic accessories as a corkscrew and a couple of empty wine bottles, dark glasses, a fishing rod, sandals, a lipsticky handkerchief, an ash tray full of cigarette butts, and a battered alarm clock.

“Well!” said Kane. “Sunrise!”

“They’re always so witty!” said his wife. “That alarm clock!”

Still smiling as they stopped at the desk in the hotel to pick up their key, they were bowed into the jewel box of a lift by Pierre, the old attendant, with his neat little mustache, his medals, his one arm. As Pierre was closing the iron gate, he paused for another passenger, hurrying from the foyer; and the Kanes recognized the young American they had happened to meet that very evening at dinner. He had just driven up from Prades, it seemed, where he had been attending the Pablo Casals Bach festival; and it hadn’t take the Kanes long to discover in him the complete music snob: a tall, black-a-vised, haughty young man, indifferent to France and all things French, intellectually attuned to the mathematics of music, and to nothing else.

“Hullo,” said Kane in surprise, “I thought you were planning to catch some sleep tonight.”

The other looked at him in disgust. “Sleep?” he said. “With that infernal racket going on out there? Ha!” He gestured bitterly towards the Place Vendôme and the bands. “Third floor.”

“*Bien, monsieur,*” murmured Pierre. He stopped

the elevator and swung open the gate. The young man hurried off down the corridor without another word.

The elevator rose again. Pierre lifted an eyebrow. Kane felt like apologizing for his compatriot.

“He’s a cellist,” said Mrs. Kane.

“Ah!” replied Pierre, and nodded his head slowly in total comprehension. “But monsieur and madame have enjoyed themselves? *C’est beau, n’est-ce pas?*”

Perfectly lovely, agreed Mrs. Kane.

“— *mais ce n’est pas la guerre, hein?*” He stopped the lift at their floor. “*Bonsoir, monsieur, madame.*”

“Good night, Pierre,” said Mrs. Kane as she got out; and, turning, added with a smile, “You can’t eat glory, can you?”

“*C’est vrai, madame. Même pas avec une sauce rémoulade.*” He hesitated, then: “*Vous savez, madame* — the young American: there is much to be said for his point of view. He is young, *bien entendu. Mais* —”

(“*Mais!*” thought Kane. “Here we go!”)

Pierre placed the forefinger of his single hand against his nose, and thus for a moment he stood, a living symbol of French tolerance and ironic understanding. “*Mais* — the glory of strings is greater than the glory of brass, or we are lost. *N’est-ce pas, madame?*” He broke the pose, and swung the gate shut behind him. “*Bonsoir, monsieur-et-dame.*” The lift sank slowly out of sight.

Will they fight? Kane wondered to himself, walking down the dimly lighted corridor. For the right to play the cello — yes; and, symbolically, for all the free things such a right implies. But for the brass, for the brass bands? Yes, no doubt for that too, if the time ever comes. But they’ll know what they’re fighting for. They won’t fool themselves, not for a minute.

He stooped to unlock their door. His wife went in, switching on the light.

“I do like France,” she murmured. “Where else can you walk along the street holding hands without anybody even noticing?”





H. M. TOMLINSON was born close to the London Docks with shipping in his blood. But when he went to sea, it was not before the mast but as a writer. *The Sea and the Jungle*, which resulted from his maiden voyage to South America, ranks among the finest prose of our time. It was followed by *Old Junk* (papers of seafaring and of his work as a war correspondent in France), *London River*, *Gallions Reach*, and more recently, *The Wind Is Rising*, a collection of essays, written in England during the Blitz, unrivaled for their power of indignation.

OUTWARD BOUND

by H. M. TOMLINSON

1

THE boy's gaze, from his corner seat in the train, was fixed on his homeland flowing past. He was too shy to look round at the rest of us, or else he was daydreaming and had forgotten we were there. I don't think he saw, except absently, the telegraph posts and wires undulating along, and the distant sunny fields and hills in slow retreat. Occasionally he glanced quickly overhead at the luggage rack. His treasure remained where he had put it. I guessed he and his baggage, so new, were outward bound. That canvas bolster had not been aired before. This was the first time. So it was for hours. Then someone exclaimed at what had come into view from the opposite window. There were signs of the sea. The boy rose, one of our betters in a moment, and over our feet he went, ever regardless of our presence, to gaze out. As he stood with his back to us, and the masts and funnels grew higher, he began to sing to himself.

I could have sung with him, had I known the song. The music of the spheres, harmony in the poise of universal fettle, is not for the likes of us. It would be a *continuo* too deep for our ears, as inaudible as the dance of generative heat and light over rocks in summer. That boy's humming might have been a faint echo of it. I wish I could recall the tune. I used to know an air of its kind, life rejoicing because it knew no better, but it is as far away as the hour — eight bells, midnight — and I was watching from a ship's bridge the coast lights of England fade astern, bound south to the foreign, for the first time. She was a collier, from Barry Dock of Wales. A bright eye was winking at us from shorewards. Then a small voice spoke beside me. "That's the Longships!" I hadn't heard the ship's master come up the ladder.

It was a dark night, clear and calm. The ship's wash was the only sound. The Longships was winking at us. The port light of a schooner was abeam.

The schooner was a trim black silhouette in luminous night, with a red spark in her middle. I don't know her name, but she has not yet completed that voyage, for me. The Longships! How telling a name is, if heard in the due moment! There was nothing of consequence about my ship, nor in her business, and there would be no romance in her destination. She was deep with fuel for France, no more than an item in the old traditional economy of the British, now lost, of coal out, and corn and wine home; but it is as if she moved briefly into a position where, for the lucky, there is a glimpse of a truth which endures beyond routine and duties, economics, and departures and arrivals. She was soon out of it, of course. In another minute I was in the chartroom, and the master was getting a bottle and glasses out of a cupboard; and even he didn't know what unverifiable dimension his ship had appeared to reveal a moment ago, and I didn't tell him. For his part, he said he hoped the barometer was lying, but he supposed we were in for a dusting; and we had that dusting the next evening.

I don't say there was anything peculiar about that evocation off the coast of Cornwall. That there was not may be the very remarkable thing about it. Nothing rum was there, though Cornwall and its waters are said to be occult. It was only as if that instant of night was not of the clock, but was from the beginning, world without end. For a moment I stood at the ship's rail myself, and there it was. If I were off the Longships next week I should not see it. Still, there is no need to try again, for those moments do not pass. They are rare, and they come without warning, but we never lose them; and they indicate as much of eternity as we can ever reason about. Yet who would believe us? Hardly another soul. No matter. Occasionally we are not only aware of existence, but above it, and are content.

Ought we to go to sea, and round the end of the land, bound south, bound anywhere, on watch for a sign? Of course we ought to, if we dismiss the expectation of signs and wonders as we mount the gangway. These things cannot be in the schedule, and do not go by the clock. They are never seen when looked for, however earnestly, and not at all by the proud at heart. Their bearings are no more exact than Ariel's. The mind must be idle; emptied bare of its common thoughts, and as near to innocence as the stains of living will allow it to be. We shall never be given the glimpse because we deserve it.

I think I saw Circe's island once; for if a traveler supposes the places of the legends have ceased to exist, then he will see only passport officers and hotels. There the island was, it seemed to me. I had just come on deck, and arrived at the same time as the sun, in my first Mediterranean voyage. It was in the days before wireless — in fact, it was before we had so many of those great improvements which now make life so entertaining that what the world was like long ago young people would not believe if it were described. There the island was, I tell you, all spectral gold, where my map gave no island. If Ulysses never landed there then no man ever did. The ship's master admitted he had seen that island once or twice before, but only when the light was right. He added that he always gave it a wide berth. Homer must have sighted it, or we should never have had those yarns. There was a line of white along the base of it, and that would be the bleached bones of the men who had not given it a wide berth. Its name, I learned afterwards, is Alboran, and no traveler seems to know anything about it; but at least I saw in a mere glance at it how legends arise when Homers are about.

2

SAILORS in the days of sail, when the horizon about them was unbroken for months, seldom had much to show for solitude except a new becket or knot, or a ship in a bottle, just as another man, in the loneliness of his soul, has nothing to prove his interest in existence other than a nice collection of investments, or a row of books he wrote, once on a time, but long out of print. It is not easy to count our valuables, if we are fools enough to try. It would be difficult to name them, to say nothing of selling them. They are inevident. There is no proof.

I remember reading of an explorer who had suffered the rigors of a voyage to the ice barrier of the Antarctic. He noted in his log one day his fear that his ship would not clear the floes before winter caught her. He added to the entry that at daybreak the world of ice changed color from bronze to light apple-green, from pink to crimson, in an ominous quiet, and was surprised that the dogs peered over-side with him, fixed by they didn't know what; no

more did he. Afterwards, home in London, the thought of it would come over him, and he had to leave his family and a comfortable fireside, and go out without saying why, to be alone in the wind and rain.

I don't know, but I fancy he went out, on his lonesome, to look again at the sum of the value of all his voyaging. That sort of impulse will come over a man. It is the only thing to do, if the rest of the company is settled, cheerful, and satisfied. He has a serious matter to think about; but what is it? Of course, he knows well enough, his friends would see nothing there. If he explained it, they might conclude that his past trials in a latitude far to the south of warm human fellowship had touched him somewhat. Silence in outer darkness had worked into his head. So not a word to them about it, though he could not make sense of it himself.

Out he goes, then, into the wind and rain of a city's abandoned streets after midnight, broody over that momentary half-assurance, or challenge, that chanced in an Antarctic sunrise, while he was stuck in his navigation; as though he had chanced upon an unexpected enlargement of the world, an existence unknown and unexplored. It was gone while he looked, and it left no clue. He has no clue to it yet, either. Baffled, he sees what a pity it is that conscious thought can discover no way into that radiant seclusion. Still, he felt fairly sure, it seems, at that juncture of the voyage, of something beyond his physical confinement in a ship with universal ice on guard about. There seemed to be a more serious disability. Was it likely that consciousness, however wide-awake one may be, is not quite good enough? That a man's apprehension is kept within bonds more obdurate than the ribs of a ship beset by ice and no way on her? And he could not get out; in that he was as the dogs beside him. There are verities, then, it appears, without ascertained aids to navigation.

That sort of thing must be left to the poets, and they can make nothing better of it than the beauty of the earth and the glory of the skies; which leaves us where we were. The expectation of hitting on the whereabouts of such a surmise is never in our itinerary when we board a ship. It has no verifiable bearings. Instead, very likely it is only a wet day, and the ship still taking in cargo. That's how it usually is with me, and in winter, and I like it. The pungent smells are friendly; we have met before. You only get them on a wet deck, the hatches open, and the winches in use, on a heavy November day. The sounds and cries outside the cabin are immemorial to the act of departure.

It must have been the same with Elizabethan voyagers. Time slows down. But there is nothing in our itinerary concerning Xanadu. What fools we should look, if we wrote it down plain! Constraint might be put upon us by our friends, and they would be right. Still, you know, and I know,

it is the hope we always carry with us, added to the antiseptics and carminatives, though it is so far from being a buoyant hope that it sinks out of sight. Better let it go and accept what comes, with good grace.

We know quite well that it is not worth while going round the world to count the cats in Zanzibar, as Thoreau needlessly pointed out. Still, we wish he had tried it. He would have counted more than cats. We miss the book he would have made. Anywhere on earth, with any professed object, and to it by any mode of travel, will suit some eyes; and for that reason another regret forms that we shall have no book on the American scene — what a book it could have been! — by the author of *Old Calabria*. Yet speculations as to what this famous author and traveler, and that one, would have made of other lands — instead of France, Henry James in Patagonia, Santayana among the Dyaks making his way across Borneo? — will delay us. While stowing things away in the cabin, the idea comes that a whole book could be made of them; it would not be worth writing. The ship has fallen quiet. The winches have stopped. It sounds as if the hatches are going on.

It is necessary, now and then, to have around a clear and uninterrupted horizon, and to let a long silence fall between self and the multitude, for the sake of sanity. A great city is seen at its best, and can be regarded calmly, only when the tide has turned seaward, the glare of metropolitan lights begins to fade, and soon the only sound is of unseen waters. A space opens in the smoke and fudge to let the stars appear, and there the ancient constellations are, as if they had been absent so long only because we had shut them out, not knowing what we were doing. One can turn in tonight with assurance. To hear the hours being made on the ship's bell is no warning of the passing of time. Only the journey of the sun is being measured. A fixed idea of time and existence is already working loose. There goes the bell for the second dogwatch. We must be passing the Girdler Light by now.

The names of our coastwise lights — those traditional lights, too, will go out presently, when the marvelous wireless beacon is in general use — almost rank with those of the stars. I do not regret that I shall have done with the sea in the year when the coasts of my island will be lightless, all one with darkness itself, whatever the weather; when the lamps of home on headland and outlying rock and shoal will be doused. Revisiting the glimpses, coming in from the outer, my ghost won't know his own place when Pendeen, Lundy, and the Eddystone, the Forelands and the rest, are not keeping watch with characteristic bright eyes for wanderers in the night. No more Nantucket, Fastnet, Pladda, Ushant, and Finisterre? Perhaps the very names will be changed to numbers. Progress, progress! But I cannot yet declare, with that member of

Parliament whose office it is to plan our towns and countryside, and who had to explain why he allowed the defilement of the surroundings of a glorious old cathedral: *Progress, not sentiment*. Yes, that is what he said.

Tell me, what is progress? Doesn't that depend on the way we are going, and what we expect to gain when we get there? I am all for sentiment while our destiny is uncertain; the earth would turn to ashes without memory and affection. If to make a mechanistic desert of our planet, and that at present is what we are doing, is not to blast from it the reason for our continued existence, then indeed life is in a void, as science advises us it is, so of course is without purpose, and we are free to please ourselves while we have time for it, which may not be long. Some people, the sentimental, are not yet persuaded that this conclusion need be accepted, though it is a belief natural to the mental climate of our age. It affects profoundly the arts as well as science. Without useless sentiment, without affection which never counts the cost, without magnanimity, then nihilism. No more the making of music; mystery has been dismissed from the universe, and instead of awe men feel the pride of conquest. Human aspiration has risen to something more rational than nobility, reverence, and joy. The heart, that is to say, is flyblown, though the brain, cleansed by proper knowledge of all superstitious nonsense, retains its mathematics, and can measure the means to access of more power. The admonition of the best that men have thought and done is now offered to the deaf and blind. The mental climate of our age is pestilential.

3

IN the first morning at sea, little of all this is remembered. It goes downwind like the coils of the ship's vapors, a dream of the night too vague and inconsequential to be noticed. While in the city, you cannot doubt that the future of man is of first importance, and that he seems, poor fellow, to be confidently indifferent to the omens; but with a first look round on heaven and the life on the waters, when outward bound, it is possible to believe that an absolute sanity exists apart; we may share it or leave it, just as we please. With the coming of the sun the English coast is surprisingly reposeful, as if near neighbor to the splendid east, and its equal, whatever may be the time spirit. The splendor is taken by cliff and upland as its right; the home we are leaving has an aspect we had forgotten. It is still in its prime. History might not have begun. It keeps an inherency untouched by the zeal of many generations, and could survive the prolonged residence of the most destructive of common convictions.

The radiance of England, elevated in the beginning of another day, is not contemporary, nor a

promise for the future, but is the sign of an existence not altogether subject to us and our aims. It is worth making a journey to be assured of that, and it was not charged for in the passage money. Our present mental climate, in a distant view, is a patch of cold fog, and will last only while there is no change of wind.

The world has been too much with us. Instead of identity there is uniformity. We need, at times, a clear space around us, or we are lost. One never feels lost when alone in the waste with the elements. We know where we are then, for a change. Identity returns; the voyager begins to recognize himself again. He can hear his own thought in the quiet. I have never felt nearer the heart of the matter than when on the bridge in mid-ocean, keeping the middle watch. The ship herself is less manifest than the blaze of Orion, yet the shadow under you must be held firmly to her course, nevertheless. There returns a certainty of the reign of law, under which is the ship, its watchkeeper, and Orion, however dark the night.

There is much to be said for a spell of silence in isolation, if one does not go into retirement with too many dogmas, for the unknown gods sport with fixed ideas without mercy; at least we have learned, through experience, that much of the gods. And why go into retreat, unless it is to test knowledge and faith in the light of discovery, should that good fortune attend on patience? And discovery, a view of things from a new vantage, one is sure to have, unless there is an expectation of signs and wonders.

There are plenty of revealed and recorded wonders, for instance, in Piddington's *Sailor's Horn Book*, while that authority is establishing the law of storms with all the evidence from an abundance of ships' logs over many years; but reading about these wonders is all I want. It is not worth while voyaging to the Indian Ocean in the cyclone season to witness the warning that heaven and earth are about to roll up. The threat might be fulfilled, as far as we are concerned. Nobody who has suffered the ocean in a rage would go out of his way to have that experience twice. It may be magnificent, but usually darkness hides it, and anyhow, you cannot keep still. Give me fair weather, and as much of it as is going. Only a fool would want to glimpse again mountains of water moving fast under a black ceiling lowered to the foam. After the truth has been rubbed in that bodily health is of slight importance to anyone but the self, nothing is gained merely by looking doom in the face day after day; though I have always relished observing the way shipmates faced it. You may change completely an opinion of the spirit of a man when with him in an affair of that sort. These dramatic occasions are better when in books.

It is the little things of travel that matter. Early in the first morning out, the cabin is heavy with the residue of departure and the claims of the shore. Release comes with the first glance from a port light that looks forward. An unfamiliar deck is wet with spray or rain, and the glazed hatch tarpaulins might be of Argo herself; they are of silver, in a fresh light, and quivering in the wind. The ship's head is alive against bright clouds, and the lookout in his oilskins is high enough in the morning to be on the ramparts of an outpost of one planet, watching for another planet to swim into his ken.

That first peep should content any traveler with his time and place. The steward will be in soon with some coffee, and is sure to pause to pass a word or two. He will be curious to get an inkling of your drift. This is not a liner; and though you are of no importance, at any rate you are one of a small company, and that is of importance to those who will have to bear with you. You will get to know a few of your fellows in a way that rarely happens in a city street; narrow steel compartments are echoing, and there is no hiding between bulwarks. The person is bared at sea, and communication must be distinct, direct, and cut to the bone. The sea makes short work of pretense.

I remember a ship's master — he happened to be a reader of metaphysics and philosophy — delivering an opinion of a recent book while in the act of rising from the mess table. He began as he gathered his feet under him, and the criticism was over by the time he had snatched up his cap and slapped it on. I cannot report what he said for a sufficient reason, but he condensed to a line and a half all that my knowledge had been fumbling silently to put into proper shape for a week.

There are moments in a voyage that are as if a world were sighted that geographers have never measured and could not explore. They will doubt this extension we think we have glimpsed, and question it. Let them put it down to personal emotion of no scientific value, and so save learned argument. It cannot be argued. Besides, since Hamlet has been psychoanalyzed till he comes down to a page from a book of medical cases, what could be made of us? But all the analyses cannot remove that ancient impression of the beauty of the earth and the glory of the skies, as the sun rises on a first approach to an oceanic island in trade-wind weather. It is the prevailing fashion to disparage life, and to mock the verities of the ancients; we fail to understand what they meant by sublimity. Well, ahead of us this morning, there it is. And, though a voyager be aware of his brief nature, he is aware also in a moment that he shares in this triumph of existence, this bright reflection of a reality of which nothing yet is known.



An Atlantic Story



Of English parentage, MONICA STIRLING was educated in Paris, where her father directed the English Theatre and where she now lives and does her writing. In the early years of the war, she worked in the De Gaulle headquarters in London; after the Allied invasion, she returned to France and served for eighteen months as a special correspondent for the Atlantic. Meantime her short stories in the Atlantic had won her a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer award for a year's writing in Italy. In this interval, she wrote her first novel, Lovers Aren't Company, which was published under the Atlantic-Little, Brown imprint. We hope to have her second ready for press shortly.

IT'S LATER THAN YOU THINK

by MONICA STIRLING

IT WAS almost night when the autocar reached Briançon. Like ink-drops in a bowl of water, darkness spread through the clear mountain air, and the triple fortifications momentarily assumed the color and texture of silver. Stars appeared in the sky and, as if in answer to their signal, electric lights popped on in one window after another, the scattering of golden squares emphasizing the austerity of the little town's beautiful seventeenth-century lines. Inside the autocar tourists revived, blinked, yawned, stretched, threw away sandwich wrappings, and plunged distractedly after hats, gloves, guidebooks.

"Six o'clock tomorrow morning and may I remind you that we shall depart with the greatest exactitude?" cried the guide, who knew perfectly well they would do nothing of the sort but who dearly loved drama. Shuffling themselves into twos and threes all but one of the passengers hurried foodwards. The exception was a thin Londoner in her early thirties who paused for a brief glance at Briançon before pushing her straight fairish hair into her newly acquired beret and smoothing her light blue topcoat, a homemade copy of one of Princess Elizabeth's. Precipitous mountain roads had given Molly Lloyd a headache, and cheap red wine a touch of indigestion, but she was still upheld by a feeling of adventurousness so authentic that it survived contact with the drab restaurant in which she presently confronted an omelet.

The omelet was congealed, the coffee full of chicory, but neither fact made any impression on

Molly's palate, which was governed by her imagination. Where she came from it was well known that French food is the best in the world and French love-life the most shocking — and, since she had been abroad only a week, Molly still enjoyed bad omelets as sincerely as good ones and agreed with the fat passenger who had had her behind pinched at the Folies-Bergère by a Swedish tourist that this just went to show the French can't keep their minds off *that sort of thing* if you get my meaning dear.

While diligently eating her omelet — "it's those *finest herbes* they put in that make all the difference" — Molly gazed shyly around the restaurant. The yellow bead curtain separating the main room from the kitchen had been tied back and she could see the proprietor and his family settling down to their own meal. They were not particularly attractive people — a fat father and mother and two ordinary-sized girls who would become fat as soon as married — but the hearty, good-natured energy with which they laid siege to the table, tucking napkins under their chins, ladling up richly smelling soup, stretching across each other for immense sticks of bread, and talking all at once with their mouths full, was so homelike that Molly felt twinges of loneliness.

In London her parents would be sitting by the radio listening to the Brains Trust and murmuring "Just fancy! How on earth they think it all up I can't imagine." They hadn't liked the idea of their only child holidaying abroad but, since she was a good girl who didn't get much fun and had been ever so good about her disappointment over that

boy, they had refrained from asking what was wrong with Brighton and merely begged her to be careful of the drinking water over there. Caught by remorse, Molly pushed the water carafe away, poured a glass of wine, drank it, and struggled to keep the tears back. As she did so she noticed an oleograph of the Pope on the wall opposite. Ever such a kind face she thought, feeling comforted and smiling at the Pope as if he had done her a good turn.

Thoughts of the Pope had occupied Molly quite often since the moment three months ago when, thumbing through a woman's magazine in search of what the stars foretold that week, she had had her attention caught by a Holy Year feature topped by a fourteenth-century quotation: "All ye from near and far, and ye whom the sea divides from our shores, tear masts from the woods, unfurl your sails and ply your oars so that you may come and touch the Holy Doors at Rome." The unfacetious exhortation had appealed to Molly's slogan-fed mind and on leaving her office she had stopped by a tourist agency. And now here she was on the Franco-Italian frontier, en route for the Holy Doors.

No strange men tried to speak to Molly as she took a digestive stroll, disconsolately keeping her chin up, and the hotel lounge was so quiet and drab that only an obstinate determination to get her money's worth out of abroad kept her from going straight to bed. Too shy to switch on the radio, she made do with a handful of tourist handouts and half a dozen worn copies of illustrated papers. Most of the latter contained sensationally captioned photographs of Ingrid Bergman, and as Molly gazed at the candid Swedish face a vague but tenacious melancholy crept over her: they ought to leave the poor girl alone, they really ought, after all it isn't as if she's the first person in Hollywood to get a divorce, or anywhere else for that matter.

As she plodded up the dim green staircase, which was hung with outsize steel engravings of Napoleon and his army crossing the Alps, a feat that impressed Molly far more now than it had done two days ago, she found herself comparing the busybodies' attitude toward Miss Bergman with the silent tact displayed by her parents at the time of what they now referred to — when a reference was unavoidable — as Molly's disappointment.

2

MOLLY's disappointment had occurred far away and long ago. During the half-forgotten summer before World War II the Lloyds had gone to Brighton for a holiday, during which Molly had become acquainted with an Italian boy, the son of a Milanese hotelkeeper, who was doing a six months' stint as a waiter in England. So serious and kindly was Ernesto that Mr. Lloyd lost no time in pronouncing him a nice lad with nothing Italian about him, and

Mrs. Lloyd barely concealed her eagerness to hear that he and Molly had come to an understanding. At the end of an anxious fortnight a matinee of *The Importance of Being Earnest* provided the shy young couple with a shared joke that led to hand-holding and, eventually, kisses. Ernesto then returned to Italy to obtain his family's consent to the marriage, and Molly bought a paper booklet entitled "Italian in 3 months." They had exchanged two letters when war was declared. They did not see each other again, and since Molly was simple, modest, and overconscientious she rapidly gained control of her distress.

Much as the Lloyds deplored girls in uniform — "You never know what it's going to lead to, look at Mrs. Smith's Betty, why she hadn't been in the A.T.S. a week before she forgot herself and now she's expecting!" — they would have been glad to see Molly provided with a fresh occupation to take her mind off that boy. But Molly's health was not robust enough for the services, so she continued typing thanks for yours of the 1st. inst. in an office that was presently evacuated to a practically manless corner of the Welsh countryside.

During the evenings when she wasn't fire-watching or attending Red Cross lectures, she knitted socks for seamen, read *War and Peace*, or listened appreciatively to the other girls' stories of husbands and sweethearts overseas. In order to have a man about the place herself, she kept a picture of Churchill in her room. She was devoted to Churchill, and the feeling that he wouldn't think it the thing to moon over an enemy alien helped her not to dream of Ernesto. There was a period when Churchill's influence paled beside that of a group of American fliers; but the Americans were soon posted elsewhere and anyway they were all engaged to girls who looked like Rita Hayworth.

It was several years now since Molly had consciously given Ernesto more than a passing thought but tonight, as she stood alone in the unfamiliar hotel room and tried to coax a trickle of water out of the rusted hot tap, she began to wonder what her life would have been like had she been able to go and live it abroad. A week's accumulated pictures of abroad fluttered in her imagination: the big white floodlit Arc de Triomphe, little bronze replicas of the Eiffel Tower, the fountains at Versailles, the meringue-like roofs of Sacre-Cœur, the wicked lights of a Paris By Night excursion, long straight poplar-bordered roads, walnut-faced peasants in wooden sabots, wayside sanctuaries, snow-topped mountains, chalets that reminded her of a Swiss money box she'd been given for her tenth birthday. Awfully peculiar living abroad would have been, she thought, jumping as water suddenly spurted from the tap — but the adjective peculiar was soon swallowed up by her recollections less of Ernesto as a person than of the sweetness of shared love, which he had enabled her to guess at. Oh well, she thought,

scrubbing her short nails energetically, no use crying over spilled milk, that's sure and certain.

Maxims were among the pillars of Molly's life. The darkest hour comes before the dawn, every cloud has a silver lining, things are never as bad as they seem, there's no place like home: solid and dependable they had helped her through many a nebulous place. But tonight they failed her and when she turned away from the washbasin — over which hung yet another engraving of Napoleon looking vexed — the unfamiliarity of the big, soft, high, foreign, double bed, its brass frame and sateen coverlet so different from the fumed oak and cretonne of her single bed at home, filled her with uneasiness. She took a pack of cigarettes from her pocketbook, went to the window and pushed the shutters open.

Sleeping in the moonlight Briançon looked even lovelier, and to Molly more exotic, than it had at nightfall and it aroused the simple unacquisitive responsiveness to new sights that made her an admirable tourist. The fact that she thought first: why, those battlements are just like the ones in Gamage's Christmas Display for the kiddies, secondly: there's no doubt about it travel does broaden one, did not diminish the authenticity of her instinctive appreciation.

She would have gone to bed cheered if a clock in the square alongside had not struck at that moment. Leaning out to discover where the heavy echoing chimes came from, she noticed a couple meandering along the narrow street below. They were young and bareheaded, their arms around each other's waist, and their slow progress — so slow that they seemed to be floating in the river of moonlight half submerging them — was arrested every now and again by their stopping to kiss. A small tight sob thrust its way into Molly's throat and on her face was the look of a child whose birthday has been overlooked. She had often seen couples kissing before — under lampposts, in buses and subways and dance halls and air-raid shelters, and even in the office — but the banality of the surroundings had preserved her from being impressed, as she was by this poignant, this exotic, this foreign kiss, with a sense of all that she herself was missing.

Forgetting to close the shutters she stumbled between the cold sheets and gave way to homesickness. She had never before had the sea between her and her parents and, for the first time since early childhood, it struck her that they would, in the nature of things, die before she would. And to what would they leave her? What happened to white-collar girls? Faces closed in on her, faces she didn't remember having noticed, unpainted elderly faces of office colleagues who lived alone in cheap rooms, cooking on gas rings and filling their scanty leisure with unreal movies, synthetic fiction, complaint-dominated gossip. Only when she was half over the brink of hagridden sleep did Molly remember Rob-

ert Brown, the widower next door, who had been so sorry she was going away for her holiday. But of course, he had added — and she realized now that his tone was fond — of course at your age it's only natural you should want a little gaiety. Dragging herself from the brink of sleep, Molly folded her hands and remorsefully repeated the prayer she had used since childhood. God bless mother and father and all my friends and relations and make me a good girl for Our Lord's sake amen.

3

NEXT morning Molly couldn't understand why she had felt so foolishly depressed. The breakfast coffee was excellent, the croissants crisp, the butter fresh, and as she climbed back into the autocar she realized that neither she nor her parents would ever die and anyway it's morbid to let one's mind dwell on such subjects. Presently she began to hum "Oh What a Beautiful Morning." Her neighbor observed that my word someone was feeling good this morning; Molly said that was right, and they giggled companionably. The ebullient driver began to describe Napoleon in a-chap-I-was-at-school-with tones.

Darkness drained away from the mountains; in its place came first pearly then roseate light. This was the way Napoleon entered Italy, proclaimed the guide, and the word Italy began to wheel like a swallow in Molly's imagination. She was so untraveled that she expected the fact of crossing a frontier to transform the landscape as radically as the Fairy Godmother's wand transformed the pumpkin into Cinderella's coach. She was still embedded in this state of exaggerated expectation when the autocar's brakes gave a shrill screech and a grubby *carabiniere* with a feather in his cap ambled sleepily out of a shabby pink stucco house and began examining passports with the awed carefulness of the nearly illiterate. "*Adesso siamo in Italia*," said a passenger who had been to Berlitz School, and romance was restored to the situation.

The mountain slopes on either side the road were exactly like those a hundred yards back, but the façade of the pink stucco house was patterned with bullet holes and, although Molly was familiar with London's bombed debris, she was deeply impressed with these bullet holes which had, for her, the distinction of handmade goods. The beautifully built road continued as before, and as before the driver talked loudly, lovingly, patronizingly, of Napoleon. But, at last, Italian life manifested itself in the shape of roadside hoardings: bright bottles of Cinzano, industrious Singer sewing machines, Ingrid Bergman and Bing Crosby in *Le Campanelle della Santa Maria* and, again and again, a boy and girl sheltering beneath one raincoat and the legend "Joy in the Rain." Sturdy acacia trees had tender-hued convolvulus clambering round their trunks, and at the bottom of a steep slope the autocar

screamed to a standstill. Here, said the driver, is a truly impressive monument.

For once, the monument was impressive. A pocket-sized, whitewashed chapel marked the place where the Germans had shot twenty-one Italian and French partisans. Sleepy, awed, and longing for a second breakfast, the foreign tourists gathered round, their heads respectfully bowed — until the proprietor of the inn patronized by the autocar company drew them to him with fumes of *caff  espresso*. As usual it was Molly, with her eager tourist spirit, who lingered.

Italy was more foreign to her than France and her attention correspondingly more intense. Everything unembarrassing that she saw was going to be mentioned in her letters home, and to her, as to most English people of her kind, the word partisans still meant something infinitely heroic, respectable, and as remote from daily life as the Pope. Newsreels already spotted by time jerked across her mind: Churchill in his siren suit, Roosevelt in his cloak, Stalin receiving the King's sword, the desert rats and the aerial few, violence become acceptable if not respectable, and the nightmare of Dunkirk's beaches terminating in the heroism of the Paris barricades. . . .

Lost in the history of which she had unknowingly been a part, Molly came to the curious conclusion: I suppose the partisans were people like us actually. The idea was simple but her imagination reeled beneath the strain of trying to imagine heroic characters, born with machine guns beneath their arms, sitting listening to the BBC Brains Trust or deciding that it would be nice to have a pot of tea before

going to bed. Shaking her head, Molly stepped forward and began to read the names of the dead *partigiani*: Gaetano Giuseppe Manfredi, Enrico Angelo Levi, Ernesto Luciano Berto. . . .

Ernesto Luciano Berto.

Seated once more in the autocar, Molly found her handkerchief and shed some tears. But they were not very bitter ones. Difficult as her parents would have found it to believe, she had long ago resigned herself to losing that Italian boy, and all this small shock had done was to restore her self-respect. Her tears were tears of unwitting relief: for from being a dull girl jilted by an alien she had been transformed into a hero's widow and a potential second wife.

Beside the coffee cups, the baskets of oranges and white rolls, that decked the zinc-topped bar of the second stopping place was a case of postcards. Molly chose one at random, addressed it to Mr. Brown, and wrote: "Hoping this finds you as it leaves me. Am having a very nice trip. Paris is ever so nice tho' I must say they talk so fast it's difficult to follow! Italy is very nice too in a different way. Singer sewing machines seem very popular. Part of our export drive no doubt! Am very glad I came because there's no doubt travel does broaden one but you were *quite right* there's no place like home." When the driver began shouting "All aboard" she blushed and added "With love from yours sincerely Molly Lloyd."

Only when she was in Turin, happily and respectfully buying Holy Year postcards, did Molly remember that Ernesto's second name was not Luciano but Angelo. Nevertheless she sent Mr. Brown a second postcard. And a third one.



SONG FOR LOVERS

by DONALD C. BABCOCK

LIGHTNESS in love leaves bleeding shards of mind,
 Frail fragments on the wind.
 Give your whole heart, despise the measured share,
 And passionately care.
 Love is concrescent, welding parts to one:
 Accept the burden of the deed begun.

Give nothing till you can conceive the cost
 Measured against the need,
 Nor think it yours to thrust into the frost
 Your little store of seed.
 Wait for the miracle, the season's call,
 Then, even unto death, give all.



Pacific proved to be two of our most decisive commanders in World War II. General Bradley has just published his military autobiography; General MacArthur is hard at work on his, and in the meantime we are invited to read the book about him by his friend, General George C. Kenney. We turn to RICHARD E. DANIELSON, who served in Military Intelligence in both wars, for an appraisal of these two great leaders and the books about them.

BRADLEY AND MACARTHUR

by RICHARD E. DANIELSON

UNDER the stress and tensions of the cold war in the West, the hot war in the East, and the word war in Washington, many Americans are thinking in military terms and about military men, our leaders in World War II. Some of these have died or been retired; others may be called upon again to lead troops in action or to decide great problems of strategy. A natural curiosity drives us to wonder how these leaders rose to high command, upon what principles they reached their decisions, how fairly they have been praised or blamed.

Fortunately our generals have not been silent. A respectable throng of them, with or without literary assistance from the world of the shades, have told us much about the war and themselves. General Stilwell's posthumous and salty papers described the vacillations of our policy in China in no uncertain terms. General Eisenhower's *Crusade in Europe* inspired or reinforced the public's admiration for his personality and his ability as a Supreme Commander. General Mark W. Clark in *Calculated Risk* added to his already considerable stature. There were General Eichelberger's excellent *Our Jungle Road to Tokyo*, and General Brereton's book, and General Arnold's book — and how many others. Seldom have warriors in what we call, in dreary gobbledygook, the "higher echelons" been so prompt to hurl away their crossbows and scimitars and start typewriting with one or two fingers.

Now we welcome two more — *A Soldier's Story* by General Omar N. Bradley (Holt, \$5.00)¹, and *The MacArthur I Know* by General George C. Kenney (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, \$2.75). By the time this article appears a considerable section of the American public will be already familiar with at least those portions of General Bradley's story which were published in *Life* magazine. Among the

more than 5 million purchasers of *Life* there must be some who do more than look at the pictures. Mr. Luce's staff of learned clerks who write those hard-hitting editorials must believe with some justification that a percentage of their followers are at least literate, even if they prefer the pleasures of the eye to the sterner and more tedious processes of the mind. Otherwise, why write the editorials?

However, I think that General Bradley's book should be read in its entirety rather than in morsels if one is to understand how carefully constructed a book it is, how wise and reasonable. Otherwise a reader may be disturbed by superficial blemishes or incongruities which in the full import and importance of the book may be forgotten or ignored. For instance, it disturbs me every time so school-masterish-looking a gentleman as General Bradley finds it expedient to use the phrase "helluva" or "sonuva" followed by an appropriate noun. It is as if the late Calvin Coolidge had attempted in a fit of whimsy to cut a caper. But these lapses from the high seriousness of history are small matters compared with the essential honesty and dignity of this narrative. In his Preface, General Bradley states the purposes behind this book: —

"To explain how war is waged on the field from the field command post. For, it is there, midway between the conference table and the foxhole, that strategy is translated into battlefield tactics; there the field commander must calculate the cost of rivers, roads, and hills in terms of guns, tanks, tonnage — and most importantly in terms of the lives and limbs of his soldiers. How, then, did we reach our critical decisions? Why and how did we go where we did? These are the questions I have been asked most often. . . .

"Despite the enormous quantities of documentation available to historians of this last World War, the real reasons behind many of our decisions are comparatively obscure. For many of our most important moves were decided upon at informal

¹ A long, generous book of 554 pages, with pertinent illustrations and excellent maps.

conferences where no memoranda were kept. Many of the most important instructions were given over the telephone. . . .

"To tell the story of *how* and *why* we chose to do what we did, no one can ignore the personalities and characteristics of those individuals engaged in making decisions. For military command is as much a practice of human relations as it is a science of tactics and a knowledge of logistics. Where there are people, there is pride and ambition, prejudice and conflict. In generals, as in all other men, capabilities cannot always obscure weaknesses, nor can talents hide faults."

It is probable that to most lay readers the discussion of personalities and human relations under the pressures of war will be more interesting than the technical matters of logistics or calculated risks. If so, there is ample material in General Bradley's book for much pro-and-conning. He writes about his fellow soldiers with frankness, stating his opinions with candor and giving the reasons for them with a calm impersonality which shows no rancor but withholds no suitable comment or necessary clarification. On such controversial subjects as his relieving Generals Terry Allen and Theodore Roosevelt of their respective commands, he gives full credit to the abilities of these fighting generals, but he explains that their Division had got out of hand, that it had come to feel that the ordinary rules and disciplines did not apply to it, that it was, in short, too big for its breeches and something — no matter how unpopular — had to be done about it. So he did it and the result — after much re-creation — was successful and, in a military sense, satisfactory.

In the case of his celebrated controversy with Field Marshal the Viscount Montgomery of Alamein, he states his case with no personal animosity but with a proper warmth. There was a clear difference of opinion between them, and General Bradley, particularly at the time of the Battle of the Bulge, thought that Montgomery had been unfair in his allusions to the American troops, had exaggerated his own part in the battle, and had snaffled an American Army into his command which was withheld from Bradley's group longer than necessity demanded. General Bradley, however, admired Montgomery as a soldier and he writes of this incident: "I am quite certain he never knew just how exasperated we had become, for our personal association continued cordially throughout the war with never a mention of the fracas." "Military science," he says elsewhere, "is not an absolute science; it is incapable of absolute judgment on what may be right or wrong. My assertions are statements of opinion, they can be challenged and they undoubtedly will be challenged. If, however, we can profit from such post mortem exchanges of military opinion, the arguments that such criticism evokes will be worth the storm."

If, in such matters, he states his case with conviction and arrives at calm, measured conclusions, he is equally clear in his estimates of men's characters and personalities. Always prompt to give credit for achievement or constructive personal qualities, he judges a soldier as a soldier and as a man. Thus he writes in the Preface about General Patton: —

"I may offend those who prefer to remember Patton not as a human being but as a heroic-size statue in a public park. I prefer to remember Patton as a man, as a man with all the frailties and faults of a human being, as a man whose greatness is therefore all the more of a triumph."

Indeed, Patton irritated, amused, and at times confused him. His flamboyance, the cavalier way in which he often ignored essential logistics, his way of acting first and thinking afterwards, were exactly the reverse of General Bradley's orderly and deliberate habit. On one of the earliest pages of the book we read: "Precisely at seven Patton boomed in to breakfast. His vigor was always infectious, his wit barbed, his conversation a mixture of obscenity and good humor. He was at once stimulating and overbearing. George was a magnificent soldier and a vain man."

This sounds highly critical, but as the story develops we find that Patton's greatness is fully appreciated and that his foibles are treated in the kindest fashion. He was not at his best in North Africa and he was at his worst in Sicily, but in France and Germany he was at the full tide of his genius, "a magnificent soldier." Patton's friendship and above all his loyalty, first as Bradley's commander and later as his subordinate, are stressed again and again. If they were temperamentally far apart, they nevertheless were close friends and effective associates in a great team.

Of General Bradley's own abilities as the Commander of a Corps, an Army, and a Group of Armies there can be no dispute. They were demonstrated to the satisfaction of everyone — except the Italians and the Germans. He met an ever increasing burden of responsibility with professional competence, a wise judgment, and that inner strength which derives from a character founded on self-discipline. It will be a satisfaction to his admirers that he has written his story so clearly and so well in perhaps the best book the war has produced. It should be a satisfaction to all Americans that a poor boy from a small country town could, as the result of an almost accidental appointment to the Military Academy, rise in due season to the command of a group of armies in the greatest of all wars.

If I may quote again from the author's Preface, and I do so because he describes his effort — so nobly achieved — better than I can, he says: —

"This is the story of a war fought six years ago, unleavened with the passing of time, unseasoned by hindsight judgments. I have tried to tell the

story as we lived it, with the prejudices, the obstinacy, the pride, the vanity, and the sensitivity that afflicted us at that time. To avoid falling into the trap of self-justification, I have deliberately refrained from reading any of the books that have been published so far on World War II."

General Kenney's *The MacArthur I Know* is a timely, friendly, and candid appreciation of that great soldier and proconsul. His book begins: —

"Before the reader gets too far along in this book, I believe I should warn him that I am a MacArthur man. I think that I know General Douglas MacArthur as well as anyone does, except of course Jean his wife. I admire him professionally, I like him personally, and I value him as a friend. I consider him one of our greatest statesmen and leaders, and the best general that this country has ever produced. . . .

"However, I think that I can look at MacArthur objectively. He is a superior individual, but he is human and therefore not perfect. He has faults, although many of the characteristics that people criticize appeal to me more than the characters of his critics. Very few people really know Douglas MacArthur. Those who do, or who think they do, either admire him or dislike him. They are never neutral on the subject."

General Kenney commanded the Air Force in MacArthur's Pacific campaigns, and from their first conversation in Australia he discovered that he was a MacArthur admirer, and he never had cause to change his opinion. It was fun, he says, to work with Douglas MacArthur. In this book he discusses the General's career, his amazing record at West Point, his achievements in World War I, as Chief of Staff, and in the Philippines; he retells the story of Bataan and Corregidor and all the long Southwest Pacific campaign up to the surrender in Tokyo Bay. He discusses at some length the General's administration in Japan. And, if he is consistently pro-MacArthur, his book is nevertheless a good and intimate biography of an extraordinary man.

All or almost all of his factual story is already on the record. The value of the book lies in the intimate touches, the sidelights, the small pertinent facts which the public does not know. He tells the scandalmongers and the slander peddlers just how and why they are liars. The "Dugout Doug" lads who intimated that the General lacked physical courage are treated most faithfully by General Kenney. He goes so far as to demonstrate that MacArthur does not wear a wig or dye his hair. No criticism of his commander is too small to escape his attention.

On the other hand he *does* try to be objective. He concedes that it is more than possible to dislike the General. His bad press he attributes largely to incompetent public relations officers, but some of it as due to personal qualities which offend many people. In short General MacArthur is human and has some of the defects of his qualities.

General Kenney takes up with frankness some of the incidents for which General MacArthur has been criticized — for example, the fact that the American planes at Manila were destroyed on the ground after due warning had been received of the attack in Pearl Harbor. On the whole, in this and other instances, his defense is skillful and effective. He writes in an easy, unaffected style which is never ponderous.

Toward the end of the book he asks and answers two questions about "one of the most controversial characters of all times." They are: —

"Has Douglas MacArthur served his country well?

"My answer is yes and I believe the record will support me.

"Has Douglas MacArthur been motivated by personal ambitions or by patriotism?

"To my mind, few men have been more selfless in service to their country regardless of the effect of their actions on their own personal fortunes."

And that's General Kenney on General MacArthur. Which does not prove to those who believe in discipline that he should not have been relieved of his command.



THE ATLANTIC Bookshelf



THE *Peripatetic* Reviewer

BY
EDWARD
WEEKS

"I DON'T think I've been able to get through a book in the past six months," a friend said to me the other day, an executive who up to recently has been one of Charles Wilson's assistants in Washington. "I haven't enough patience for a novel," he went on. "When I read — well, I want something practical; say, a book on gardening, something that will take my mind off this endless debate. Call it escape — but that's the way I feel."

That remark speaks for a good many of us this season. If the American body politic could be stretched out on the analyst's couch, I think the first symptom to disclose itself would be that blend of anger and fear with which we have lived since the attack on Korea. Then for the first time in living memory the realization swept over us that we were vulnerable to forces outside this country. France has been jumpy about this ever since 1870; England since the Blitz. But we lived behind ocean ramparts, and the belief that we were impervious to any form of invasion was part of our birthright. This is so no longer.

Our first reaction was to spur our defenses and meantime to probe and to criticize with emotions at the highest pitch. The newspapers with their columns and columns of testimony have been required and anxious reading. The uncertainty about our sons is an anxiety that walks in our shadow. When evening comes, it is a release to dig in the garden, to wander with the dog, to get out one's fishing gear, to do anything to lull the mind.

No wonder that people have been more interested in nonfiction than in novels. In a time of vigilance, which this certainly is, readers are looking for the most reliable explanation; they are taking fresh heart from the reading of biography; they are finding quiet solace in the more refreshing books observant of American life.

Every bookman knows that there are times when

he would rather dip in and out of half a dozen titles than slog all the way through a volume from which the mind plays truant. This is nothing to be ashamed of; it is simply a different way of reading, and one which seems to me peculiarly adapted to this month of July. The books which I shall mention are like a salt-water swimming pool on the North Shore where I cool off after office on these dog days; each of them is available either for the quick dip or the long drift which cools the blood.

The eyes of Texas

The Texas of **Roy Bedichek** is not the country commonly seen by the visitors to Dallas, Houston, and Fort Worth. He prefers the unfrequented spot; and since he is a wise and perceptive naturalist, it is an adventure to follow him wherever he leads. In his new book, *Karankaway Country* (Doubleday, \$3.50), he explores that section of marshland, lying "slaunchwise of the compass" between Galveston and Padre Island, once inhabited by a fierce and giant tribe of godless Indians, and still a wildlife refuge for some of our nearly extinct species like the whooping crane. Mr. Bedichek has the swift observance of an Audubon and with it an altogether fascinating knowledge of the past. He knows the earliest chronicles of the conquering Spaniard and missionary; he knows what the lay of the land was before oil began to contaminate the shore and the water life; he deplores the recklessness with which we Americans rip up our resources; he writes to defend and to arouse, for he believes we can still strike that balance between commercial exploitation and the preservation of living assets which this country so badly needs.

The diversity of his interests makes his pages of constant surprise. He writes of the droughts in Southwest Texas where, as the local humorist puts it, bullfrogs are often three years old before they learn to swim, and he tells how the earlier settlers were fortified against these droughts when a university-trained German, after studying the cross-section of a 130-year-old post oak, proved that "moisture is the only cause of variation in tree-rings." There had been droughts here before, many of them in the life of this tree, but they had been followed by rain — so the settlers stayed on. He speaks in a firm, temperate way of the competing interests, and of how the gulf-land oil with its poisonous "slicks" has smothered shrimp, fish, and oysters until the oyster production has dwindled to one-fifth what it was a few years ago. The fish and

oyster industry, he reminds us, if properly practiced, is self-renewing, though not under present conditions. He speaks again and again of the Karánkaways who lived mainly on fish and oysters. He tells their pitiable history as they were decimated by the bullet, the bayonet, and whiskey; of the small number of them who were baptized *in articulo mortis*; and of how the last remnant of the tribe was finally moved to Mexico a hundred years ago. There were then eight individuals left; now they are gone for good, and only bitter memories of them remain.

Mr. Bedichek has eyes for natural phenomena great and small, for the wolves and the coyotes, the wild hogs and the snakes, but the birds are his heart's delight. His account of the meadow larks on a spring morning is Texas poetry of the best — so is his affectionate observation of the scissortails. With Tom Waddell, the game warden, he watches the courting of the prairie chickens, and then Tom begins to speak of the "grand free-for-all competition" in killing the prairie chickens which was part of the frontier Fourth of July and which still persists in modified form. When Mr. Bedichek writes that the whooping crane has a voice which carries three miles and a wingspread measuring seven and a half feet, he tells me something new, but when he tells me that there are only thirty-six of them left and that, like the Karánkaways, they will soon be extinct, the story takes on poignancy. In short, this is an observant, telling book, salty with experiences but made deeply sympathetic by a man who rebels against the ruthless destruction of American aborigines.

Reaching inland from the Gulf coast in a great crescent of southeastern Texas lies the King Ranch. With its 900,000 acres it is an American principality one-third larger than Luxembourg; with its 500 windmills and artesian wells, its 85,000 head of cattle, and its 3000 fine-bred horses, it is the largest, some say the best-run, cattle factory on the continent. Richard King who staked out this huge domain a century ago was a riverboat captain who began to make his fortune on the Chattahoochee and the Rio Grande in the days of Texas independence. He and his partner Kenedy once owned as many as 26 steamboats, and the firm flourished through the Civil War. The partners began buying cattle land from the Mexicans, sometimes for not more than 4 mills an acre (two and a half acres for a cent), and they had a small nation under their ownership when the Texas cattle began to be decimated by the dreaded fever tick. In 1867 their partnership was dissolved, and thereafter Captain King with an able young lawyer, Robert J. Kleberg, continued to build the dynasty.

Such is the background for Frank Goodwyn's homely autobiography, *Life on the King Ranch* (Crowell, \$5.00). Frank was six months old when in 1911 his father became ranch boss of the Norias, the

lower ranch as it was called. Here he was taught Spanish by Don Federico, the Mexican yardman, and here he learned to lasso the fence posts; here he saw characters like Joe One-wing and Mr. Caesar (Kleberg), who never knew they were characters; and here by the time he was twelve he was broken in as a cowboy. Actually he was a scholar in chaps, something the horses knew before his parents. Each King Ranch *vaquero* had ten horses "for his saddle" and they passed the word that this was a gentle boy.

His story is one of the limitless range, of the branding and roundups, of the dipping vats and the war against the tick, of the scientific care of the beef cattle, of the introduction of the Brahma strain, and of fertilizing pastures by airplane; it is the story of outdoor men: Frank's father and Robert Kleberg, Jr., trappers like B. O. Thomas, and a *caudillo* as loyal as Pablo Peña; a story of legends, campfires, and border raids with a natural Texas flavor.

Changes in the South Pacific

In his foreword to *Return to Paradise* (Random House, \$3.50) James Michener explains why he went back to the South Pacific. What he did was to revisit Australia, New Zealand, and the Islands in the South Pacific, the ports he had known during the war, to inform himself of the changes that had taken place in five years. He writes a vivid, compact, appreciative, and critical article about each place, and then in a more leisurely style he evokes a short story about each to dramatize the present temper of the people. Of the two, I prefer the articles; this is travel writing of a high order, full of good characterization, as in his opening study of Polynesia; sardonic when he describes the drowning of American surplus equipment off Million Dollar Point in Espiritu Santo; nostalgic with a difference as he writes of Guadalcanal. His comparison of the British and American attitudes toward the natives will be jolting to our Empire haters. His attempt to take the farsighted view of Australia and New Zealand will not be welcome to those who wish to keep the color barrier up. There is a hard-grained quality in these reports which makes the stories a little garrulous and loosely constructed by comparison.

The private school

Sixteen years ago Allan V. Heely, who had scored notable success as a young administrator and teacher at Phillips Andover, became the headmaster of Lawrenceville. The years that followed have been testing ones for every private school. Endowments once thought adequate have not kept pace with costs, tuitions have risen, and self-help has become the rule with the strenuousness that reminds one of innovations at Kent. Now as costs go up another rung, it is imperative to find an answer to the questions presented so vigorously by Mr. Heely in his book *Why the Private School?* (Harper, \$3.00).

The book divides into two parts: the first half is for this reader the more audacious. Without mincing words Mr. Heely sets forth the inside facts of the private school's economy, which shows that most, if not all, of them are in need of financial aid. Why should they get it, and from whom? He argues that the private schools, which have played a significant part in our education, offer at the secondary level an exceptional program for the boy or girl of *exceptional native ability*. He suggests that these talents cannot be as well developed in the public schools, and since the job should go on, he proposes that they continue in private hands but be financed on a federal program of national scholarships. It is difficult to see how one could justify these federal scholarships to private schools of Protestant persuasion without at the same time granting them to the parochial schools as the Catholics have long requested.

Again, the families which are currently providing most of the pupils and most of the financial support of our private schools are sending up boys of average-to-good native ability, plus better than average pre-school conditioning. But if exceptional ability is to be made the criterion, then surely the enrollment of private schools, it seems to me, will encounter a rather severe weather change.

In Part Two Mr. Heely discusses the more traditional issues: coeducation vs. segregated sexes, large schools vs. small schools, classical curriculum vs. the vocational or progressive; and I must say I like the direct and persuasive style in which the author sifts the evidence drawn from his mature experiences, and states his very reasonable opinions.

Tight lines

There is never much time or space for a book on a fishing trip. I usually take with me a single volume of short, light pieces by a master angler, and this year it will be *Fisherman's Spring* by **Roderick Haig-Brown** (Morrow, \$3.00). Mr. Haig-Brown, an Englishman who moved with his family to British Columbia, is an essayist who sees this sport "in its frame, which is the whole of nature. Nothing that moves or lives or exists within range of his vision and understanding is unimportant to a fisherman." Being a family man, his papers on Family Sortie and A Boy and a Fish Pole are endearing; his advice on Wading, Fly Lines and Casting should be practiced; and the plea he makes in Fishing and the Common Man should be distributed with every license.

In our family threesome, we take turns writing up the log, and last year in Nova Scotia we had the additional delight of finding an old charmer, *The Tent Dwellers* by Albert Bigelow Paine, depicting in humor that hasn't faded what it was like to fish in those waters back in the untroubled days of 1908. We shall be rereading it this year, for it is pleasant to enjoy the continuity in a waterland that doesn't change.

BOOKS

The Editors Like

The Historical Novel

THE CHAIN AND THE LINK by **David Miller**. (World, \$3.50.) Russia at the time of Napoleon's invasion is the background of this story of a young Jew's spiritual questing. Both contemplative and dramatic — with its mystical overtones, its sensuous love strand, its glimpses of war — Mr. Miller's first novel is a solid achievement.

PROUD NEW FLAGS by **F. van Wyck Mason**. (Lippincott, \$3.00.) One of the maestros of the historical novel turns his hand to the little-known naval war between North and South in 1861. A rousing tale of derring-do, filled with blockade-runners, sea raiders, and tempting Southern belles.

THE GRAND PORTAGE by **Walter O'Meara**. (Bobbs-Merrill, \$3.00.) The proud stand of a Yankee fur trader against the cold, the savage rivalries, and the piercing loneliness of the Northwest — and his slow recognition of an Indian woman's love.

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INDIA AFIRE by **Clare and Harris Wofford, Jr.** (Day, \$4.00.) A young American couple turn in a serious-minded report on the India of today, stressing that it is afire with the same revolt which the Communists have exploited in China, but that it can still be a rallying point for democracy. They urge the United States to join hands with India in a vast development program for Asia.

BEARS IN THE CAVIAR by **Charles W. Thayer**. (Lippincott, \$3.50.) A West Pointer who became the third secretary at our Embassy in Moscow in the 1930s writes an amusing account of the unpredictable Russians before they became belligerent.

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Reader's Choice

BY

CHARLES J. ROLO



THERE are two reasons, it has been said, for reading travel books; the first is that you intend to travel, and the second is that you don't. The arm-chair traveler, I believe, has suffered a loss in the increasing rarity of the old-fashioned personal travelogue, the genre from which the classics of travel literature have come. To be sure, many of the old "Wanderings In . . ." and "On Foot Through . . ."—lovingly compiled by retired British Colonels and arid antiquarians—were monuments to man's genius for being a bore. But at its best the personal travelogue has been a vivid, thoughtful, and diverting piece of writing, agreeably flavored with individuality. Today's travel books are predominantly utilitarian; and while many of them may be invaluable in the tourist's equipment, few make exhilarating reading.

I have sampled quite a number of the year's new travel titles, and the bulk of them fall into one of two main categories—Dopebooks, which in effect are the how-to-do-it manuals of tourism; and Background Books, made of more scholarly stuff, which dispense cultural enlightenment and do not concern themselves with the practical problems of the traveler.

Among the new Dopebooks, there are four additions to Fodor's Modern Guides—*Britain in 1951*, *France in 1951*, *Italy in 1951*, and *Switzerland in 1951*, all edited by **Eugene Fodor** and **Lawrence R. Devlin** (David McKay, \$3.00 each); two additions to The New Europe Guides—*All About Spain* by **Georgia Long**, and *All About Ireland* by **Virginia Creed** (Duell, Sloan and Pearce, \$2.50 each); *The Good Time Guide to London* (Houghton Mifflin, \$4.00) edited by **Francis Aldor**; and *Ontario in Your Car* (Rinehart, \$2.75) by **John and Marjorie Mackenzie**.

The Fodor guides are shabby-looking books. Each is written by a team of contributors, and they vary considerably in quality from chapter to chapter. All follow approximately the same plan—first, "Practical Advice" on transportation, hotels, tipping, sports facilities, and so on;

then a thorough coverage of the capital city (sightseeing, shopping cues, restaurants, night life); essays on the national character and "way of life"; a chapter on gastronomy; a section by section tour of the country; and a list of handy phrases.

The New Europe Guides to Ireland and Spain—tidy jobs of bookmaking—are roughly similar in pattern to the Fodor series. Their special merit is a twenty-page appendix which tabulates all sorts of "useful information"; and they include a chapter of history. *Ontario in Your Car* is a book I would be grateful for if I were planning to tour Ontario in my car. *The Good Time Guide to London* is remarkably comprehensive and thorough, and exceptionally sound in its pointers to restaurants and shopping (it even gives the addresses of inexpensive "little dressmakers"). The editor has had the bright idea of including a chapter on London pubs and a map of the subway system. All in all, this is a book which would be an asset even to the visitor who knows his London well. The scores of color illustrations, however, struck me as something of an oddity. At least half of them would be marvelously evocative in a guide to France; none of them suggest Clement Attlee's England.

The previous paragraphs have, I hope, indicated the services rendered by these handbooks. The bill of complaints which follows does not apply *in toto* to all of the titles mentioned, but most of it applies to most of them—and indeed to a good many other Dopebooks I have seen on the market in the past few years.

The cardinal sin of so many of the travel dopesters is a leaning towards outright press-agentry, which does a singular disservice to the tourist. Glamour phrases such as "exclusive," "crowded with celebrities," "colorful haunt of artists and writers," are dispensed with stultifying prodigality. A restaurant which is merely sound is apt to be cited as a culinary Mecca. Where low-budget travel is discussed, lodgings which it would be effusive to call "rugged" are described as "modest but quite acceptable." Where there is criticism, it is apt to be mealy-mouthed; the travel dopesters are often more zealous apologists than the local patriots when dealing with such dismal matters as English cooking or the Spanish railways (which officials of the Spanish Tourist Department earnestly enjoined me to avoid).

The historical chapters are often marred by a naïve chauvinism, which, in *All About Spain*, reaches utter grotesquerie. This guide to Spain — a country where the tourist can fare poorly if he is not honestly briefed — is a glaring example of the total "puff." It is wickedly misleading, for instance, to say that English is spoken "in nearly every hotel," or that in Madrid in summer "only a few days are hot." In fairness, I should like to note that *All About Ireland* is more innocent of ballyhoo, and on occasion is refreshingly outspoken.

One does not expect to find literary distinction in a travel handbook, but even decent descriptive prose is rather a rarity. Of the two prevailing styles, one is ruthlessly bouncy, smart-alecky, and hopped-up with bonhomie; the other is soggy with clichés and portentous banalities. One, in fact, represents the full flowering of writing for teen-agers; the other is hack writing in its purest form. There is a minority style which is flatly pedestrian.

The material on the arts usually ranges from lifeless to laughably bad. In *Italy in 1951* (the poorest title in that series), Fodor's expert on the beauties of Rome pays his respects to the Piazza del Quirinale with the matchless comment, "strictly ancient." The Fodor book on France (excellent on Paris restaurants, night life, shopping) solemnly informs us, in its chapter on "The Creative French," that Rabelais's *Gargantua and Pantagruel* is a very great book; and much of the chapter trembles on the verge of unconscious burlesque.

In sum, all too often the Dopebooks give the impression of being addressed to oafs, and compiled by authors who are salesmen rather than real connoisseurs of what they are writing about. Most of them belabor the obvious; they miss out on vital tips, and they run to an unconscionable amount of blah — sententious disquisitions beginning, "Rome [or Paris or Madrid] is the symbol of . . ."; and flat-footed sermons to the effect that the English (or French or Spanish) are nice people when you get to know them. It seems to me that this type of travel book could be halved in size and doubled in value by cutting most of the cackle and going all out for concrete information, presented wherever possible in straight reference form. The *Guide Michelin* to France follows this principle, and it is worth half a dozen of the other handbooks put together.

Of the new Background Books, three of the most worth-while are *Florence* (McGraw-Hill, \$5.00) by **Edmond-René Labande**, translated and adapted by Janet Hamilton; *The Paris We Love* (McGraw-Hill, \$6.50) by **Doré Ogrizek**; and *In Search of London* (Dodd, Mead, \$4.00) by **H. V. Morton**. M. Labande's *Florence* is a superior handbook for the art-lover; its 150 magnificent gravure photographs are a vitalizing complement to the sober, scholarly text. The book on Paris — the latest addition to the World in Color Series — represents the collaborative effort of a group including Jean Cocteau, André Maurois, and Jules Romains. The

text (translated from the French) is sometimes a bit awkward and sometimes gushing; but the contributors really know their stuff, and most of the time I found the going agreeable and instructive. There is a chapter for the epicure and one on Paris amusements. Like the previous titles in this series, the book is lavishly and entrancingly illustrated.

H. V. Morton, whose "In Search of" books have enjoyed great popularity, is one of the finest living travel writers. His *In Search of London* should perhaps have been described as a travelogue: writing in the first person singular, Mr. Morton narrates twelve exploratory trips through Lon-

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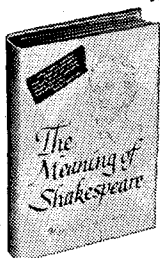
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don, describing the city of today, evoking the changes of half a century, interjecting many anecdotes, and ranging back through history. Here is an admirably written book, full of fascinating lore—an item for the armchair traveler no less than for visitors to the Festival of Britain.

For the armchair traveler, so long as he isn't a stickler for timeliness, there are 550 pages of good reading in a new anthology, *The Golden Age of Travel* (Twayne, \$5.00), edited by Helen Morrison—a collection of short pieces about Europe by authors and artists of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. It is a misnomer, I think, to call that period the Golden Age of travel: pleasure travel, pioneered by Thos. Cook & Son, did not get properly started until the eighteenth-fifties. (We are currently living, I should guess, in the Bronze Age of travel; jet propulsion and rockets may usher in the Iron Age, and it will not be time to talk of a Golden Age until frontiers and customs officials have withered away.) But the fact that, in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, travel was rapidly expanding while still remaining something of an adventure made those centuries the Golden Age of travel writing. Almost everyone who traveled automatically put pen to paper; and writers who traveled automatically became travel writers.

That situation has enabled Helen Morrison to draw on a legion of illustrious contributors, among them Audubon, Balzac, Beethoven, and Byron; Chopin, Coleridge, Dumas, Emerson, and Benjamin Franklin; Gibbon, Goethe, Hawthorne, Heine, Oliver Wendell Holmes, the James brothers, and Jefferson; Macaulay, Melville, Metternich, Mozart, Rousseau, Ruskin, Shelley, and Schiller; Talleyrand, Tchaikovsky, Voltaire, and Wagner. Mark Twain supplies, among other delightful things, an amusing account of taking the cure at Marienbad. Dickens narrates a hair-raising ascent of Vesuvius. Thackeray tells of being refused a good room in Ghent because he was traveling with only one suitcase. This anthology has humor in abundance and masterly descriptions, originality, insight, and learning—all the qualities that make good travel writing durable however much travel may change.

Zealots and conspirators

For the past two decades, journalism has been making increasing in-

roads into the novel. The "proletarian" novels of the thirties; the novels about race hatred and anti-Semitism; the novels of "contemporary history"; the exposés of the literary, magazine, and advertising worlds—many of these books have been essentially fictionalized journalism with an editorial slant. The subject matter, of course, is not the issue but the way in which it is handled. The great masters of the novel have often concerned themselves with topical problems, but their deepest concern has always been with character and the inner truths of human experience. In the journalistic novel, the author's overriding interest is the topical issue for its own sake; the characters are molded and manipulated to make his point, and the "truth" is a public truth, which could be stated, though with less emotional force, in an editorial or an essay.

There have always, of course, been novels with a high journalistic content; and their appeal in the days before mass communication is readily understandable. But today—when the newspapers, magazines, radio, television, lecture bureaus, Committees, Leagues, and Associations subject us to a saturation bombardment of reportage, debate, and interpretation—it would seem logical for the novelists to keep away from journalism. It would seem more logical for the novelists to try to be poets than reporters and editorialists. The novels we get, however, are precisely the novels we deserve; and if so much contemporary fiction is a form of journalism, it is because of a widespread feeling that there is more "significance" in a journalistic novel about, say, the "loyalty" investigations in Washington, than in the timeless insights of the genuine novel.

These notes are prompted by Irwin Shaw's new book, *The Troubled Air* (Random House, \$3.50), which has to do with Communists and Communist-hunters in the radio business. It is an ably written and very skillfully plotted piece of fiction, charged with ascending tension and a strong element of surprise. It dramatizes the social issue in its full complexity, with intelligence and balance. But it draws its life entirely from its topicality, from the urgency of the social problem it explores. Its people, though deftly sketched and credible, do not capture the imagination as fictional creations: they interest us because, so to speak, we have read

something about them in the newspaper and now we are getting the low-down. *The Troubled Air*, in short, is highly accomplished fictional journalism.

Shaw's hero, Clement Archer — a middle-aged producer of a popular radio show — is told by the advertising agency that he must replace five members of his cast: a sheet called *Blueprint* has warned the agency that it is going to expose the five as Communists, and will get the show boycotted unless they are dropped. Archer manages to obtain a two-week stay of judgment in which to investigate the charges. It seems incredible to him that any of the five, one of them his closest friend, could be Communists; moreover, he firmly believes that an entertainer's politics are his own business.

As the truth about the five is unfolded, Mr. Shaw keeps two motifs in the foreground. The first is Archer's slow, horrified discovery of his naïveté, and of the inadequacy of his tender-minded liberalism in the face of Communist conspiracy; his recognition that the fanatical Communist-hunters sometimes call their shots accurately and help to awaken people like himself. The second motif is that the superpatriots and black-listers, though they *sometimes* perform a useful service, are of much the same ugly, absolutist stripe as the Communists, and *often* do appalling damage to people who are innocent. Mr. Shaw does not tip the scales in either direction. His novel is a rounded and perceptive statement of the dilemmas that confront the liberal conscience.

Irish delight

There is no living writer of short stories who so unfailingly delights me as **Frank O'Connor**, now represented by a third collection, *Traveler's Samples* (Knopf, \$2.75). Though perhaps a bit slighter than those in *The Common Chord*, these tales are, to my taste, close to perfection. They have action — but they are never mere anecdotes. They have a warm heart — but they are never mawkish. They are steeped in humor — but they are never simply frivolous or quaint. Every bit of speech, every move in the action, is so unerringly right that the general effect is of artless simplicity. Each story makes its point with unobtrusive sharpness. Each is colored with an amused tenderness for that foolish, errant, and sadly bedeviled creature, man, and

with an impregnable faith that life is worth living.

As in the previous collection, O'Connor's favorite themes are religion, which he treats with gentle irreverence; sex, which he approaches with gaiety; and the Irishman's dim view of the English, which he presents with the subtlest of irony. A small boy goes to his first confession and recounts in terror how he tried to knife his sister; amazingly he finds the priest an entertaining friend, who absolves him with three Hail Marys and the present of a bag of sweets. A young boy is sent by his mother to a funeral to see that dad stays sober; and he does his job so dutifully that he comes home roaring drunk. An Irish romantic, working in a British war plant, is much disturbed by his English doll's apparent lack of inhibitions — an entrancing case of Anglo-Irish misunderstanding which, for a change, is cleared up happily ever after.

Potpourri

WINES OF FRANCE, by *Alexis Lichine*. Knopf, \$3.75.

The only comprehensive and completely up-to-date book on its subject, by the only American to own a vineyard in Burgundy. Mr. Lichine is an exacting expert, chary of the label "great" and rigorously forthright about the defects of a vintage. Connoisseurship and agreeable writing are happily united in this compactly encyclopedic book. The appendix reproduces the Official Classification of the Bordeaux wines: suggests a "model cellar"; and contains a 1926 to 1949 vintage chart of the main varieties of French wine, with ratings of zero to twenty. No wine drinker can dwell for long in Mr. Lichine's delightful pages without starting to feel, thirstily, the force of the old French slogan: "*Une journée sans vin est comme une journée sans soleil.*"

DOMINATIONS AND POWERS, by *George Santayana*. Scribner's, \$4.50.

Subtitled, "Reflections on Liberty, Society and Government," Santayana's magnum opus, written over the past thirty years, is divided into more than a hundred chapters, each of which is a more or less independent essay. It is a discursive work, immensely rich in the fruits of the mind; but the mind is that of a poet-moralist and urbane literary artist rather than that of a rigorous logician or a cogent political thinker. Santayana stands so far above the arena that — to single out one comment on contemporary affairs — he sees no appreciable difference in whether the world is unified under Com-

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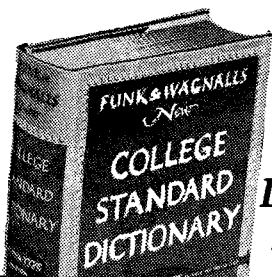
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munism (which he finds vicious) or whether democracy (which he deeply dislikes) becomes the universal system; and he rather casually suggests that the evils of Communism will in due course wither away.

On the logical side, the great paradox is that Santayana is a liberal in his moral philosophy—he abhors dogma and fanaticism, applauds diversity, holds that every mode of life which does not destroy other forms of life is justified—but in his philosophy of government he is very decidedly hierarchic and authoritarian. Where Santayana's genius manifests itself most shiningly is in the wealth of particular insights stated in epigrammatic style—the book is a treasury of lapidary truths.

**THE HEART OF A MAN, by Georges
Simenon. Prentice-Hall, \$3.00.**

M. Simenon, creator of the famous Inspector Maigret, is also the author of a raft of serious novels, among which his latest book belongs. It is a psychological study of an aging Parisian actor, "the great" Maugin, who has just heard from a specialist that he has a ruined heart. Maugin is a savagely restless and unhappy man, who has to keep dosing himself with *vin ordinaire* and shots of cognac to escape "disturbing thoughts." The story, which describes the last weeks of his life with flashbacks into the past, is plotted somewhat in the form of a psychological mystery: the reader is held by the expectation that he will finally understand what makes Maugin tick—or rather, not tick. That promise is discharged somewhat disappointingly, if at all. But the novel remains a life-size portrait of a great figure of the Parisian theater—a wonderfully realistic narrative in the Balzacian tradition.

**THE WATCH, by Carlo Levi. Farrar,
Straus & Young, \$3.75.**

The new book by the author of *Christ Stopped at Eboli* is neither fiction nor straight documentary. It's hard to say to what extent personal experience has been retouched in this kaleidoscopic narrative, in the first person singular, which evokes the face and feel of post-war Rome just before and after the last Cabinet of "men of the Resistance" resigned. Dr. Levi's underlying theme is the crumbling of the high hopes of sweeping reforms; and flashbacks to wartime Florence and Milan contrast the exalted spirit of the Resistance with the political backsliding and factionalism of 1945–46.

The Watch is a succession of individual episodes—a gathering of newspapermen over wine and *pizza*; a jeep ride through the slums of Rome; an encounter with a brigand on the road to Naples. Above all, this is a book made up of people—a conniving landlady, several intellectuals, beggars, prostitutes, a variety of odd specimens. Some are briefly glimpsed in

a vignette of, say, a sidewalk black market. Some are fully sketched. Some are the protagonists in a miniature *récit*: Giuseppe, for instance, who by his wits became "The King of Poggioreale"; an old crone who lived forty years in *Broccolino*, U.S.A., and who tells what an awful struggle she had to get a passport to return to Italy—President Rosa Verde didn't want Italy to see how America had ruined her beauty.

The Watch is at times eloquent or amusing, and at times the going gets moderately dull; it has not the sharpness and the poignant life of *Christ Stopped at Eboli*.

**THE SEASON OF THE STRANGER, by
Stephen Becker. Harper, \$3.00.**

A university beside a great city in the North of China, about to fall to the Communists, is the setting of this first novel by a twenty-four-year-old American. The central strand is a love affair between a young American professor and a Chinese girl, whose father is the most corrupt official in the city and who is tormented by divided loyalties. Mr. Becker writes in a poetically impressionistic style which much of the time is highly effective, but sometimes blurs into obscurity. The poetic mood is counterpointed by vigorously handled spurts of action and sharp descriptions of violence: as the Communists approach, the Nationalist troops grow more savagely repressive.

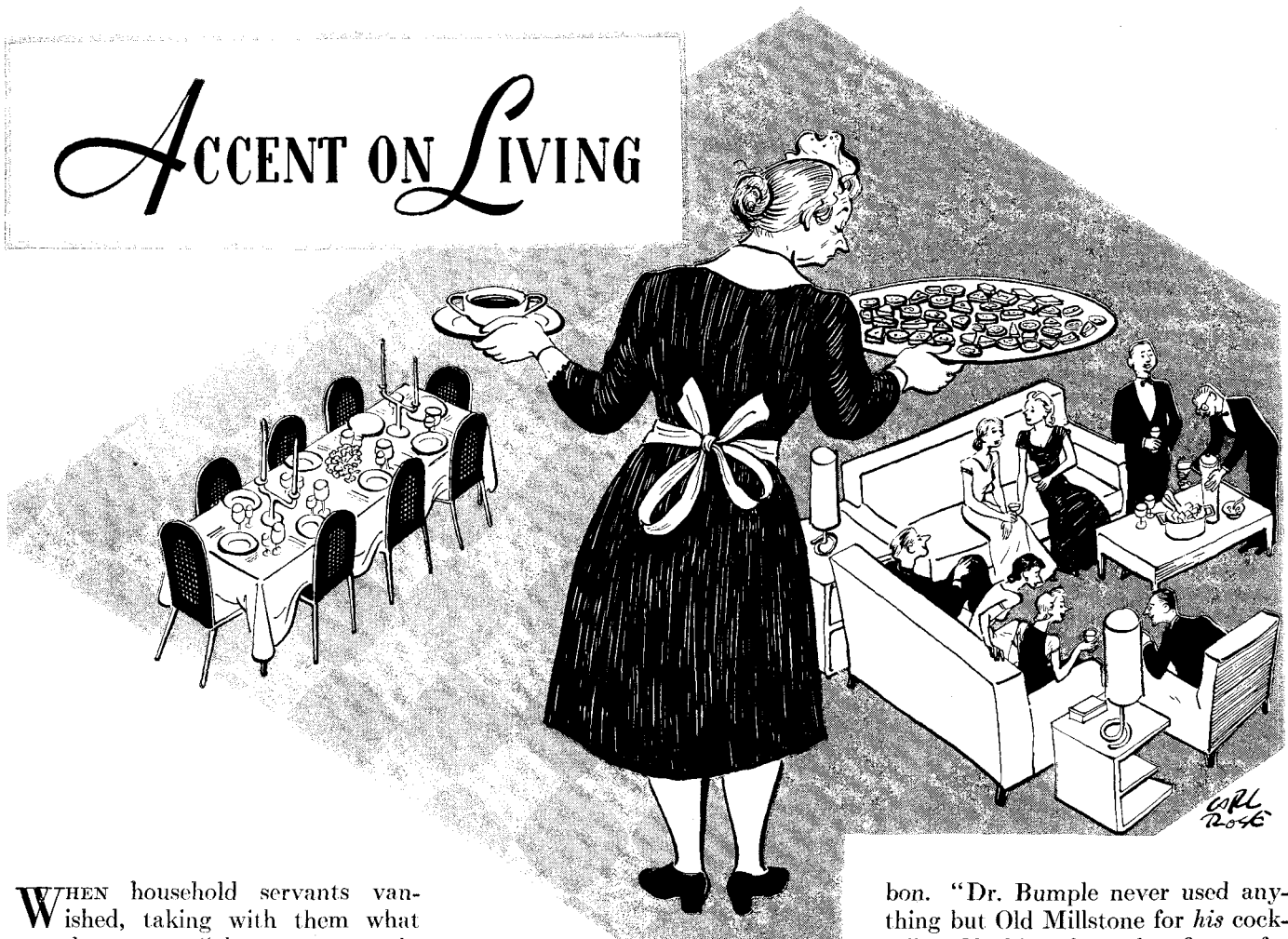
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**THE GUESTS OF SUMMER, by Hilde
Abel. Bobbs-Merrill, \$3.00.**

In a summer resort in the Adirondacks, during the weeks leading up to the last war, Hilde Abel unfolds a highly charged tale of a young girl's transition to womanhood. The second and interlocking theme is the Jew's anguish and tormenting self-consciousness at that doomsday period in the history of the Jews. Young Julie Dreyfuss, whose parents have come from an East European ghetto, suffers from the conflict between her family heritage and her American upbringing. She is attracted by the Nordic good looks of Roger Evans, but her sense of apartness acts as a brake on her liking for him. Then she falls in love with a young Polish Jew on a mission to America, but there is something about his European ways and attachments which leaves her resentful. Julie's passage to fuller maturity is about as persuasively handled as that sort of thing can be.

The story's focus is occasionally a bit fuzzy, and the characters live on an exceptionally persistent level of emotionalism, but all in all this is a fine book, deeply felt and with a poetic individuality of its own.

ACCENT ON LIVING



WHEN household servants vanished, taking with them what was known as “the servant problem,” a new style of domestic service was promptly made available by the accommodator. In these circumstances the wife is fully occupied with the basic cookery and it often falls to the husband to deal with the accommodator.

Whoever thought up the term “accommodator” knew little indeed about housework, for the active voice was given to the wrong party in the transaction: it is the employer who does the accommodating, and the servant who is accommodated. But no matter. The accommodator seems to be here to stay.

Every community has its roster of “reliable” accommodators; that is, elderly women who own a black dress, a white apron, and a pastry tube and who can be relied on not to steal or become spectacularly drunk at parties. Engaging one, like making an appointment with a busy ophthalmologist, must be done weeks in advance; and if her hourly fee is slightly less than what the medical man charges, it still compares favorably with the wage of a skilled watchmaker or even a plasterer.

The accommodator’s work usually consists of preparing a few canapés,

THIS MONTH

serving, and washing up. A green employer will be dazzled at how quickly the accommodator can finish washing up; it would have taken longer, he realizes the next day, had she included the roaster, scalloped-edge baking dish, and saucepans which he finds tidily put away, unwashed, in the oven.

A goodly part of the accommodator’s time is used, on arrival, in learning from the employer where things are. (Later, the employer will have to learn all over again, for himself, where things are after she has chosen new locations for the things and gone her way.) Once she has learned where things are, she explains to the employer why these particular things are unsuitable.

“Now at Dr. Bumble’s parties — ah, such lovely parties the Bumples used to give!” the accommodator begins. She seems shocked to hear that the employer never knew Dr. Bumble. “And is *that* what you will be using for the cocktails?” she goes on, eyeing the employer’s best bour-

bon. “Dr. Bumble never used anything but Old Millstone for *his* cocktails. Nothing but the finest for *him*.” Her pensive sigh suggests that the guests this evening will be dosed with straight hemlock. She declines the gravy boat; the Bumples preferred a bowl. Butter plates? Deary me! (Or ditto for no butter plates.)

All hands are in for a grim evening, the accommodator feels, albeit the kind of people who would come to a party of this sort probably won’t be worth worrying about anyhow. She shrugs it off and begins loading her pastry tube with cream cheese. Two hours later, breathing noisily and considerably more florid than when she began, the accommodator has arranged several dishes of canapés.

In addition to the cream cheese items — Dr. Bumble must have suffered from a craving for bland dairy products with his drinks — the accommodator will offer two hot canapés; chopped mushrooms on toast, and ordinary New York cheese melted on crackers. The accommodator will promptly forget her first run of the hot delicacies as soon as she has slid them under a high flame in the broiler. By the time the blue smoke begins drifting into the front hall and living room, the employer will visit the kitchen, opening windows and

closing doors as he goes. A light haze overhangs all the rooms for the rest of the evening, and the employer will need a hammer and chisel the next day to chip away what he finds fused to the broiler.

The second run of hot canapés are correctly toasted, but because the accommodator has once again become engrossed in rosettes of cream cheese, she lets them cool off and serves them stone-cold.

Employers are advised never to allow a new accommodator to carve a roast. The craft finds in carving an outlet for a peculiarly puckish form of self-expression in which the guests can be made to seem incredibly awkward while serving their plates; this enables the accommodator to stand by as a paragon of patience, the model servant in an

uncouth company, while the guest wrestles vainly with the meat.

The trick is simple: the accommodator cuts off a large chunk of the roast and slices it ingeniously so that each slice remains joined to its neighbors. The hostess will get a normal slice. The others are arranged around the platter in such a way that the guest, spearing in all innocence any slice with the serving fork, finds that he has picked up a paper-doll-like sequence of most of the slices on the platter.

Once the tensions of the meal are over, the host indulges, briefly, in the fantasy that he is at ease with his company for an hour or two. He can think of nothing more to be set on fire or spilled by the accommodator. He is even able to forget her altogether until, around midnight, he

goes out to the kitchen for more ice. There isn't any more, because the accommodator has unaccountably used it all up.

Thus, instead of the ice, the host finds the accommodator, with her hat, umbrella, coat, and shopping bag, waiting for him to drive her home. She has been waiting for two hours, he learns.

Trolley? Bus? At this hour? Deary me!

The host calls a cab for the accommodator, who always lives on the far side of town. Her total cost, he judges, was roughly enough to support a French artisan and family for a week, wine included. It will not be until the next day that he enlarges the estimate to include breakage.

CHARLES W. MORTON

LISTEN, SISTER...

by FAIRLEY BLAKE

FAIRLEY BLAKE is a pseudonym. Readers who disagree with his Martini theories are referred to M. F. K. Fisher's treatise, "To the Gibson and Beyond," which appeared in the January, 1949, Atlantic.

THE conspiracy against the public welfare that American publishers have formed may not be actionable as the law now stands but there is no doubt that it exists. Every one of them has in his backlog from three to ten cookbooks and the total sale must be, at a guess, upward of a million copies a year. And most of these contain a dangerous menace to our civilization. I'm talking about the section fraudulently labeled "Beverages."

Presumably, before the editors bring out a new edition of the cookbook they check and revise the recipes in the other sections, but they do not bother even to correct the typographical errors in this one, which has stood unmodified since it was first perpetrated. It is the same in all cookbooks, having gone out of copyright in 1895, and nobody does anything except to scale it to space for the new format. No skin off a publisher's nose that it was written in the holy-horror era of our drinking mores, when the idea was to see how many ingredients you could put into a drink, especially a cocktail, and still survive.

Yet publishers go on recommending the same messes to at least a million women a year.

No doubt the publishers would plead that anyone who has to go to a cookbook to learn how to make a cocktail deserves anything he may get there. Demurrer disallowed: the rest of us are entitled to protection.

Passing over twenty pages of emet-



ics and Mickey Finns compounded on other bases which the cookbook assures a hostess are just dandy, take a look at the abominations that can be committed with gin. It is absurdly easy to make the only gin cocktail, the Martini, that anyone who doesn't walk on all fours would drink. Not more than 20 per cent dry vermouth, 80 per cent good — I'm aiming that adjective straight at the hostess — good gin, and a lot of ice used fast.

Nobody could ask for anything simpler and there isn't anything better. But in the first two of five pages devoted to, it says here, "gin cocktails" I find formulas, each under a cute name, that direct a hostess to add to honest gin: grenadine; various liqueurs; crème de menthe; grenadine; lemon juice, and egg white; cherry brandy, kirsch, sweet cider, and raspberry syrup; lemon juice; crème de menthe, egg white, lemon juice, and orange juice; lime juice and apricot brandy; claret, orange juice, and Jamaica ginger; grenadine, egg white, lemon juice, orange bitters, and sugar — and a seizure that says to mix gin two to one with port and add a dash of orange bitters. Simply to read the formula temporarily paralyzes the human stomach. But there you are. Such books are sold freely over the counter, even in these days of dire peril to the United States.

The trouble comes when a woman decides to have twenty people in for cocktails. Her boss couldn't keep his job a month without her, she can show the Bureau of Internal Revenue exactly where it misread its own regulations, she can beat the racket at a fur sale — but she has lost all her self-confidence before she finishes making out the list of guests. Panic overwhelms her and she makes straight for a cookbook.

Nothing is going to change that;

ACCENT ON LIVING

the only thing to do is to change the cookbook. So on behalf of a million girls who want a home of their own and twenty million stomachs that deserve a break, let's go.

1. Leave today's special at the liquor store strictly alone; it's for cause. The reason the man cut the price on that stuff is that he couldn't move it — it got recognized for what it is. Go without lunch for a couple of weeks if you have to, or cut the guests from twenty to ten. Cheap liquor is grudge liquor.

2. Get two whiskeys, one of them Scotch. Some charged water, for somebody may want a highball instead and he may be the one you've had in mind all along. No ginger ale; you can't afford to know anybody who would want it and you might never be able to explain away its presence in your apartment. A bottle of the driest sherry — ask a trustworthy friend what kind he drinks. (Cool it a little if you like but don't chill it.) American gin in the highest price range, or imported gin if you can afford it, for twenty people.

3. I've never known what sweet vermouth is for. Certainly not cocktails.

4. It's all right to use orange bitters as an astringent for the cheeks but never put it into anything that is to be drunk. Angostura or Peychaud's bitters in case somebody whom you have no other reason to dislike wants an old-fashioned. All other bitters, extracts, and flavorings are condiments; save them for Saturday's pickup supper.

5. Nothing sweet, nothing at all. If I keep repeating that, it's because I know you. Lock up your maple syrup, Karo, and marshmallow paste. Throw away that bottle of grenadine: the Man might wander into the kitchen and see it.

6. Lock up all the fruit juices too, and the fruit. For cocktails, arsenic is much better than fruit.

7. Your neighborhood store sells ice. Buy two dollars' worth and put it in the sink. Use all of it.

8. I have explained how to make a Martini. How could you possibly go wrong? But no surplus, no dividend, nothing for the pot. Mix every round from scratch.

9. If you have to make an old-fashioned, dissolve the sugar in a little water before you put the whiskey in — it won't dissolve in alcohol. This one has to be even colder.

That's all, my dear. (See how a

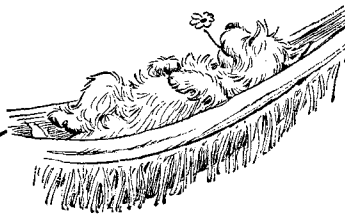
ACCENT ON LIVING



Solid Comfort!



"WHAT A NICE
FEELING TO BE ABLE
TO RELAX, WHITEY!"



"YES, BLACKIE,
IT'S ASSURING
TO KNOW THAT
THE QUALITY AND CHARACTER
OF BLACK & WHITE SCOTCH
NEVER CHANGE."

"BLACK & WHITE"

The Scotch with Character



BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 86.8 PROOF

THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, N. Y. • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS

good drink softens a man.) Mix the drinks unobtrusively, without fuss, as if you did it every evening at six o'clock, and this is a fine time not to be arch or coy. Don't flirt with the drink you are making — just make it.

The simpler the better — the less effort for you, the more reassurance for him. We drink cocktails because they turn people into human beings and give life something that resembles a smile, but also we drink them for their own sake. A good cocktail has dignity, even inspiration, and I won't say it hasn't got nobility. Just bear that in mind and act accordingly. There's no such thing as liquor too good for cocktails — get the right stuff and you're off to a head start. He can't help believing that sound liquor equates with sound gal. Then if you make the cocktails properly, you're in. He never noticed those glints in your hair before. That's an attractive dress you've got on too and in fact, darling, you look wonderful.

No mixture of chartreuse, cointreau, and egg white in the world could do that.

(To all publishers: Out of decent regard for the well-being of my fellow Americans, I will authorize you to substitute the above for the cocktail pages in any cookbook, without fee or royalty, on receipt of your signed agreement to melt up the corresponding plates.)



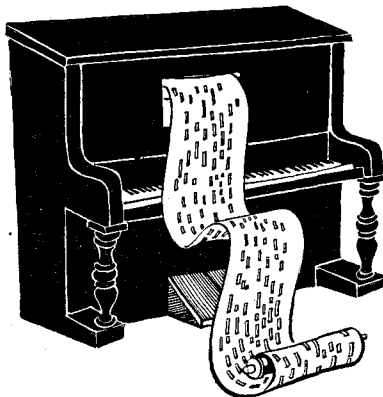
A HOLLYWOOD CHILD STAR'S GARDEN OF VERSES. I

(Apologies to Robert Louis Stevenson)

by EDMUND J. KIEFER

It is very nice to think
The world is full of meat and drink,
But more agreeable to know
That few kids make my kind of dough.

A CHILD should always say what's true
And speak when she is spoken to,
And better still, if she is able,
Shape up in time like Betty Grable.



"STOP PLAYER. JOKE NO. 4"

by WILLIAM GADDIS

WILLIAM GADDIS entered editorial work in New York after leaving Harvard and for the past two years has been living and writing in France and Spain. This is his first appearance in the Atlantic.

SELLING player pianos to Americans in 1912 was not a difficult task. There was a place for everyone in this brave new world, where the player offered an answer to some of America's most persistent wants: the opportunity to participate in something which asked little understanding; the pleasure of creating without work, practice, or the taking of time; and the manifestation of talent where there was none.

Age was no hindrance to success. A child in Seattle who had spent his full five years among players was an expert demonstrator.

A number of magazines devoted to the player — many of them put out by the manufacturers themselves — were stolidly enough written to convince any player owner that his was the most important instrument in the history of music and that he was its master. The *Presto Buyers' Guide* kept him up on new developments and new rolls, and the *Player* magazine threatened to educate him to his machine.

One of its regular columns was "Music Roll Thematics," reproducing the patterns of various groups of holes from familiar classic rolls, and tossing in ten good reasons why they were important, as well as a story of the composition. The idea was to read the groups of perforations while playing the roll, as the professional musician reads notes; and music presented in these new working clothes became something which was perhaps tangible after all.

Player programs were suggested for less imaginative owners, who soon learned not to compromise themselves artistically in an evening's entertainment by mixing such popular works as Swift's *Rag Medley No. 8* and Gottschalk's *The Dying Poet* with light opera classics from Van Alsteyne's *Girlies* or Karl Hoschna's *Madame Sherry*.

The industry, probably largely out of respect, built 10,000 grands in 1914, but of the 325,000 total, 80,000 were player pianos. Piano repairmen, who had started their vocation with nothing to fear from the regularities of the pianoforte, were encouraged with books, folders, and diagrams explaining the wonders of pneumatics. That year the Danquard Player Action School opened in New York, giving exhaustive courses in player mechanics, and there were even a few correspondence schools peddling the new profession.

The roll industry had been a necessary accomplice throughout, but it had an attraction all its own. The notion of transforming any piece of music, from a ditty to a concerto, into an anonymous series of holes on a blank paper roll was as exciting for some as cuneiform investigation. The roll industry grew as fast as the player world would permit, though some player companies kept the business in the family and cut their own rolls. Such artists as Robert Wornum and Emanuel Moór were to be found cutting "records" for Aeolian, Ampico, and Welte-Mignon. The smallest Leabarjan perforator cost \$35, and with it one could make one's own paper music. One man patented an oilcloth roll, and another, equally imaginative, settled down with a punch and a roll of wallpaper.

Most light-minded people turned to the Arto-roll or the Vocalstyle. The Arto-roll was so named because the space usually left blank at the end where the roll tapered to the ring was filled with art work and comment. After a spirited performance of the sextet from *Lucia*, the fugitive slots rolled out of sight as usual before the spectator's eyes, and he and anyone else who wanted to crowd around were presented with a chromo of lolling maidens and a snappy discourse on the tribulations of the heroine.

James Whitcomb Riley bought a player in 1905, and as poetic consequence the Vocalstyle Company printed up some of his work to be sold and recited with rolls of their own

music in accompaniment. They also produced one-roll minstrel shows, on which the procession of slots was interrupted by the words "Stop Player. Joke No. 4." At this point, the joke-book which came with the roll was opened to Joke No. 4. A proper parlor version of Mr. Interlocutor then opened some such extended discussion as this: —

"You say you got a dog that doan' eat meat?"

"Yuphm," a partner answered.

"Why doan' your dog eat no meat?"

"Cuz I doan' give him no meat" — and the player piano burst out again over shrieks of parlor laughter. Words to the songs were printed on the roll, and for wordless sequences such as a soft-shoe dance, encouraging exclamations were freely supplied: —

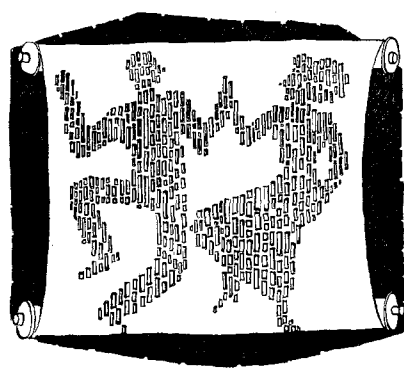
"Throw sand on the floor and give him room!"

Or, "Conserve shoe leather! Conserve!"

The Age of Gold lasted through 1916, when popular parlor players were rendering *Ragtime Oriole*, *Way Down in Borneo-o-o-o*, and *You're a Dog Gone Daisy Girl*. Talents were being made and recognized. The makers of a roll called *Posies* testified, in reference to Dorian Welch, the composer, "There is a special talent in writing for the player piano, and but few writers possess it." In addition to Mr. Welch, Paul Hindemith and Eric Satie directed some of their "special talents" to player composing, and Satie even cut a few rolls.

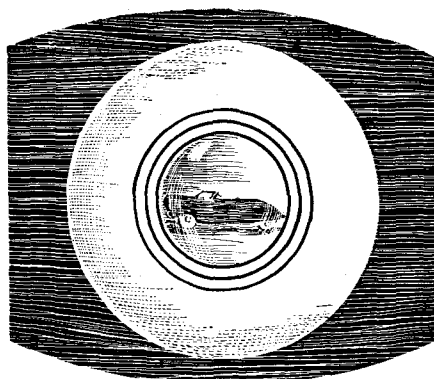
The player actually became the biggest factor in the entire music industry, and Aeolian's prices on its *Orchestrelle* ranged from \$400 to \$3500.

More than 200,000 player pianos were built in 1916. They amounted



to 65 per cent of the total piano production, enough to satisfy the most ardent fanatic and to warn anyone familiar with business graph curves of the impending decline and fall.

ACCENT ON LIVING



TURBOCARS

by DENNIS MAY

If problems of noise and low fuel mileage can be solved, the turbine-driven car will yet make its appearance on American highways. DENNIS MAY, well-known authority on British automobile design, gives an up-to-date report on overseas developments with this type of power plant.

NEWS and nonsense were made in about equal proportions when on March 9, 1950, the world's press bore down on Silverstone Airfield, Northamptonshire, England, to witness the first overt demonstration of a turbine-driven automobile. Despite the constructors' supplications, the completely misleading term "jet motor" was used to describe the new Rover's power unit in the public prints of a score of countries, not excluding the United Kingdom. This Silverstone debut, the *illiterati* could infer, marked — or anyway, immediately foreshadowed — Autopia's dawn.

The following month, three further events brought the turbocar fresh though milder limelight broadsides. One was the first public exhibition of the Rover, in New York's Grand Central Palace, as part of a successful show of British cars in general. (Here, apparently undecided on how clean a breast it would be fitting to make at this stage, the Rover people compromised with transparent purdah, roofing the turbine compartment with Plexiglas.)

The second was the disclosure that the Boeing Airplane Company of Seattle had experimentally installed a gas turbine, roughly comparable in power with the Rover's, in a 10-ton trailer-tractor, and tested it on the highway.

Third, a Los Angeles enterprise by the name of AiResearch was reported to have rigged the smallest known gas turbine, developing a mere 60 horsepower and originally designed

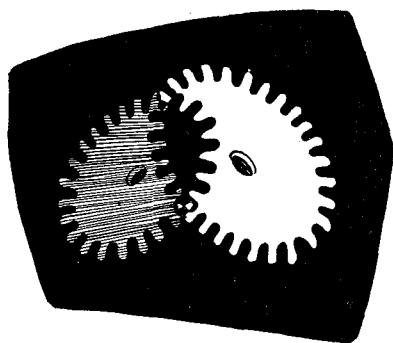
to drive electric generators for the U.S. Navy, into the chassis of a small M.G. sports car.

Since that time, the British automotive press has carried no reports of new American turbocar projects, which does not mean that new developments are not afoot. Meanwhile, fanfares of secrecy accompany talk of gas turbine cars under development in at least five English plants, and the British Automobile Racing Club, a body with a distinguished and nationwide membership, has earmarked a £1000 purse as first prize for a turbocar race which it intends to promote as soon as a worth-while line-up is assured. This sum clearly bears no relation to the huge cost of designing and building a turbocar and mothering it through to raceable form.

The gas turbine differs fundamentally from the piston motor in having a purely rotary motion and thus banishing that bane of the engineer, inertia loading; and also in the continuity of its combustion process — like a blowtorch's — in contrast to the piston movement's timed and interrupted combustion. As for the manner of its going, the turbine is primarily distinguished by its ability to generate full torque from a standstill, thus making any form of gearbox or torque-converter superfluous.

When we go from general to particular the choice of example isn't ours to make, Rover being the only turbocar of which details are known at this writing. The Rover motor is of the straight-through type with two combustion chambers, and is equally happy on a gasoline, kerosene, or fuel oil diet. For convenience — considering the vehicle purely as a perambulating laboratory — the power plant is housed in rear of the driving compartment of a three-seat roadster body. Each flank of the body has three grilled-over embrasures through which air is gulped into the initial compressor, whence it passes to the combustion chambers, the compressor turbine, and a power turbine. Efflux from the two turbines escapes at the moderate speed of about 100 miles an hour via four vertical stacks in the lid of what corresponds to a rumble seat. There are two quite independent shafts, the first connecting the compressor to its turbine, the second forming the axis of the power turbine and carrying the drive to the transmission line through step-down gearing with a ratio of around twenty-five to one.

From its exterior appearance, squarish and much freer from excrescence than a piston engine, it would be impossible to judge that this motor in effect comprises four



subunits, as described above. Very high rates of turnover are of course inherently characteristic of the gas turbine, and this one idles at 7000 revolutions per minute — faster than many piston engines can be made to operate on zero load and full throttle. Turnover at maximum highway speed is 40,000 r.p.m. Designed for an output of 200 horsepower, Rover's turbine had been deliberately "hopped down" at the time of its Silverstone demonstration, leaving the car with a top gait of something over 90 miles an hour and take-off from zero to a mile a minute in just over 14 seconds.

Power for power, the typical gas turbine is both smaller and lighter than a reciprocating movement, but the example in question has a substantially higher output than the piston engine it replaces in its stock chassis: in this instance, therefore, the turbine is rather bulkier than the regular unit.

Turbocar driving drill could hardly be simpler. Assume the vehicle to be stationary and its prime mover dead. Manipulation of a normal ignition switch (a) cuts in a starter motor, which in turn motivates the interharnessed compressor and compressor turbine, and (b) energizes an ordinary spark plug in each combustion chamber. Kerosene fuel, fed into the combustion chambers by atomizers, mixes with the air introduced by the compressor and, almost instantly, continuous self-ignition takes over from the now redundant spark plugs; at this stage the current to the plugs is automatically cut off.

So long as the driver keeps his foot off the accelerator — which, with the brake pedal, comprises the sole furnishings of the toeboard — the turbine runs at its preset idling speed. Then, as he depresses the accelerator,

having first released the holder brake, the independent power turbine goes into action and the vehicle takes off, picking up gently or with fierce gusto, according to the rate of pedal depression. Thereafter, aside from the tachometer's evidence of astronomical revolutions per minute, and the matching crescendo of the efflux, the sensation and the manipulation method are hardly distinguishable from those typical of American cars with torque-converter transmission: to go faster or gobble gradients, step on it with the right foot; to slow, lift the right foot and cram down the left.

How long will it be before the turbocar can hope to compete commercially with its piston-engine rival? Among knowledgeable technicians in Britain, estimates range from two years to a decade. Others, visualizing giant-stride developments in the reciprocating motor field, say it never will.

What, at the current stage of turbocar advancement, is the weightiest problem confronting the producers of the Rover and their British and American antagonists in this shadow race? High fuel consumption, undoubtedly. "The fuel used is inherently cheaper than gasoline," as the technical editor of the London *Motor* wrote last year in a review of the subject, "but since the final cost of fuel to the motorist in most countries is largely determined by tax, even halving the basic price will have little effect on the sum required at the pump."

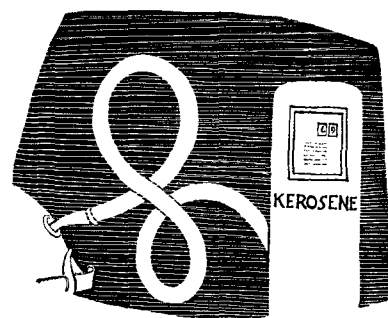
In its demonstrated form, at medium to fast road speeds, the Rover was covering about 5 miles per U.S. gallon of kerosene. True, this experimental car did not at that time incorporate a heat exchanger, by means of which economies of probably 20 per cent should be attainable. But the fact remains that the day is still far off when the turbocar, despite its undiscerning palate for fuel, can be operated as cheaply as a normal vehicle of comparable performance.

Noise and lack of power braking,

in that order, rank as the second and third hardest nuts to crack, although in the reports of the Boeing project mentioned earlier it was claimed that a system of power braking had been evolved which actually surpassed the retarding effect of engine compression in a normal unit.

Noise, however, presents a dour conundrum, because the turbine's total throughput of air — which serves as coolant as well as combustion promoter — is about ten times greater than a piston engine's. The Rover, which had no form of muffling device on either intake or exhaust sides when paraded for the press, appeared to inhale at least as audibly as it exhaled. By sports car standards it certainly was not unduly boisterous, but Rolls-Royce and Cadillac sibilance will be the only acceptable criterion when the production stage arrives, and that kind of bated euphony can be achieved only by the use of elephantine silencers. The savants who scheme passenger and baggage space for us just don't have room for silencers on that scale.

Posers like this take time, and patience, and cunning, and that propensity which frustrated researchers and technicians have for tangenting off at the lake's brink instead of just throwing themselves in. They cracked just as tough ones when they subdued the clatter in the mechanically monstrous poppet valve, de-



vised transmissions that think for themselves, made tires that didn't skid and practically wouldn't puncture. No doubt they will do it again.

THE BRIDE

by HUGHES MEARNS

OUR grown-up daughter, rich in youth,
In gold that lovers bring
With wedding gown and ring,
We're proud we knew her when, in truth,
She didn't have a thing.

nadian province, where the post from other parts of Canada is referred to as "foreign mail" and where "going out west" means a trip to the western end of the island, a maximum distance of 145 miles from tip to tip.

Though the island is only 9 miles



by ferry from the mainland, it is a century away from most of North America in its detachment from the hurly-burly of American big-city life. This expresses itself not only in the tempo of the lobster fishermen's speech, but also in the rates you'll pay for your room and meals in hotels, lodges, and cabins.

In these inflationary days of budgeting by slide rule, prices posted for the 1951 summer season by the Prince Edward Island Travel Bureau have an air of delightful unreality about them. Rates at the best resort hotels, for example, begin at about \$6 per day per person, with meals, and you can stay at a farm home close to the shore and with fine trout and deep-sea fishing waters near by for as little as \$15 per person per week, all meals included.

Canadians generally have been able to hold the line on prices better than we have in the United States, with the result that the inflation story always seems to be a chapter or so behind in Canada. Early this year, for instance, I paid \$2 for a huge steak in the dining car of one of the Canadian Pacific's transcontinental trains.

Of every four Americans who visited Canada last year, three went to Ontario. This disproportion is caused partly by the fact that sections of the province are just across the bridge from such American cities as Detroit and Buffalo, but it is also due to the deep affection felt by thousands of American fishermen for Ontario's lakes and streams — something like the love of pre-austerity English gentlemen for their private fishing preserves in Scotland.

Perhaps the most varied vacation menu is offered in Quebec, Canada's largest province. The old city of Quebec has the authentic medieval French atmosphere sometimes falsely attributed to the entire province. Here too is Montreal, metropolis of Canada. The Laurentians are popular with Americans, and so is the neighboring Laurentides National Park, where you can rent your own private fishing camp, complete with a canoe, for about \$10 per day per person, including meals at a central lodge near by. The 550-mile circle trip around the Gaspé Peninsula presents to the motorist what is perhaps the most typically Old French countryside. Or you can enjoy an inexpensive vacation aboard one of the cruises of the Canada Steamship Lines from Montreal along the St. Lawrence and Saguenay rivers. All-expense five-day cruises cost \$97 and up.

With this variety awaiting them all the way across 4000 miles of unfortified frontier, many American visitors choose for their own some particular Canadian resort or village because of its recreational facilities, its picturesque surroundings, or some especially attractive quality of the inhabitants, and then return to it for their summer vacations year after year.

My own special discovery is a little-known fishing and hunting lodge near the hamlet of St. Michel des Saints, Quebec. St. Michel is literally at the end of the trail — the last town between Montreal and Hudson Bay — and the motor ride up there, I'd better warn you, will take you over some pretty discouraging roads. North of St. Michel is the great wilderness, populated only by moose, caribou, bear, deer, and other game, a few lumberjacks, and an occasional hunter and trapper.

The owner of Kan-A-Mouche Lodge on Lac Carmel, which was named after her, is Carmel Daury. She is a French-Canadian girl who looks like a Parisian *chanteuse* and whose American counterpart has been extinct since the end of Annie Oakley. One of the world's few licensed women wilderness guides, she gives about as much consideration to a three-week sortie into the untracked back country — the one girl in a party of bushmen — as the average woman does to a hat-buying expedition on Main Street with the members of her Friday afternoon bridge club. In a

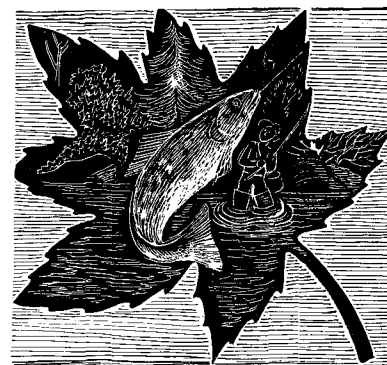
frontier country where wives have been known to tuck their husbands under their arms and carry them home from the saloon, she lives among men as an equal, hunting and trapping with them in one of the wildest parts of Quebec.

She is pretty, slim, red-haired, green-eyed, well-formed, and a widow. Although she weighs only 118 pounds, she can — and frequently does — portage a 100-pound load consisting of canoe, duffel, axe, and rifle over 5 miles of wilderness trail. The story is told that she once discouraged an angry mother bear, which had caught Carmel in the woods without a rifle, by picking up one of the bear cubs and throwing it at her.

Carmel Daury decided to become a wilderness guide when she was a schoolgirl in a Montreal convent. She ran away regularly every year until she was sixteen, when her family gave up the struggle and let her take off for the woods.

A few years later Carmel married a Montreal man and returned resolutely to city life. When her husband died, she took her widow's mite, went back to St. Michel, and built Kan-A-Mouche Lodge.

About six years ago she stocked Lac Carmel with trout by plane. No one was allowed to fish the lake for about four years; it was closed until the fish grew big, fat, rugged, and careless. Today you can haul out of Lac Carmel 4-pound speckled trout as red as spawning salmon and with the fight of smallmouth bass — if you're a guest in the \$10-a-day cabins of Kan-A-Mouche. The rate includes



food, but fishing privileges on the lake cost you \$10 a day extra, with a boat thrown in. The beds and cabins are comfortable, the food and drink are good, and the company and the conversation are even better. I'll probably go back there this year, as I have every summer since I discovered it.



by RICHARD JOSEPH

With a minimum of formalities at the border, Americans can find an unlimited variety of inducements to summer travel in Canada. RICHARD JOSEPH is a journalist who has spent most of the past five years in sizing up vacation travel throughout the world.

PLANNING a vacation in Canada can involve you, if you go about it earnestly, in an extensive reading program. You can get from the Canadian Government Tourist Bureau at Ottawa, for example, a fifty-page booklet, "Canadian Vacations Unlimited"; a forty-page booklet on fishing; and brochures on any subject in which you express an interest. Should you indicate a curiosity about Ontario, say, you'll receive literature from the Ontario Department of Travel and Publicity within a few days. These shipments will be followed by packets from local chambers of commerce in Ontario, hotels, guides, outfitters, oil companies, and from Canada's two principal railroads and air lines.

This is typical of the businesslike, efficient, yet pleasantly low-pressure manner in which the Canadian tourist industry operates. Most resort hotels are run on the Swiss plan — the theory that you'll be back some day if you feel well-treated, so there is no need to shake every last possible dollar from you while you are still in their clutches.

The travel business is the Dominion's third largest industry, preceded in importance only by the production of wood pulp and the growing of wheat. Last year 27,913,000 Americans spent \$260,000,000 in Canada. Far more Americans visited Canada than any other foreign country.

Canada's "foreignness" is not a strong tourist attraction except for a comparative handful of Americans

who go to Montreal, see a sign reading "Buvez Coca-Cola," and like to fool themselves into the happy belief that they are practically on the Champs Élysées. Of much greater importance are the feeling of space and distance from smoky cities which you get from a pine-fringed lake on the edge of the wilderness; the co-operative spirit of the fish therein; the high ratio of caribou, moose, bear, deer, elk, Rocky Mountain sheep and goats, and game birds in proportion to hunters; the basic geographic fact for lovers of winter sports that snowfall generally increases as you go north; the magnificence of the mountain scenery in the west and the seascapes of the Maritime Provinces in the east; and the breezy friendliness of so many Canadians.

Probably the worst mistake an American visitor can make in his dealings with a Canadian is to assume that he is practically the same as an American because his speech is similar. A Canadian is *not* almost an American, or almost an Englishman; and if he speaks French he is far from being a Frenchman. He has the northerner's energy, yet he can make good talk or dawdle companionably over a drink with all the unhurried and unharried leisure of a Cuban sugar planter, a Mexican *hacendado*, or a Brazilian coffee millionaire. He has a fierce sense of personal liberty, yet he permits himself to be saddled with some of the most ridiculous sets of restrictive liquor covenants to hobble the spirits of man since our own prohibition was obliterated.

Every section of Canada has its own particular appeal to U.S. visitors. The Maritime Provinces of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island are to some extent a continuation of New England. Most remote of all in spirit is Prince Edward Island, smallest Ca-



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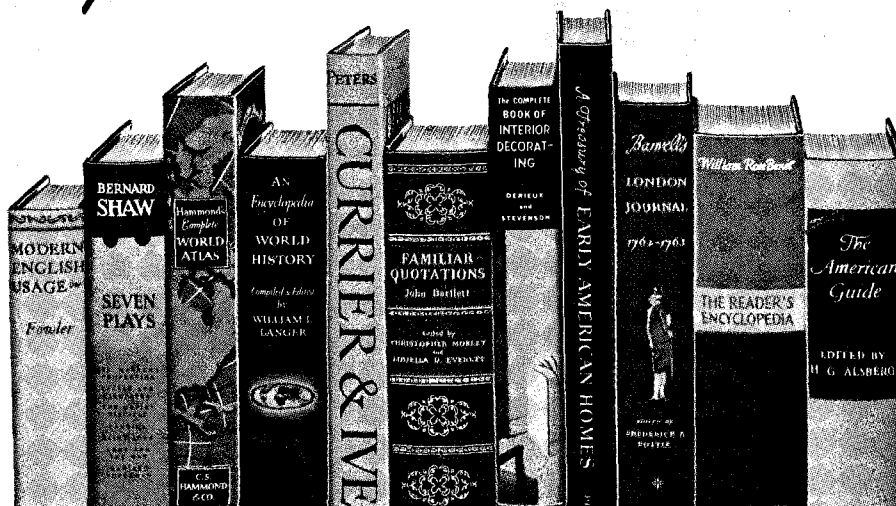
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